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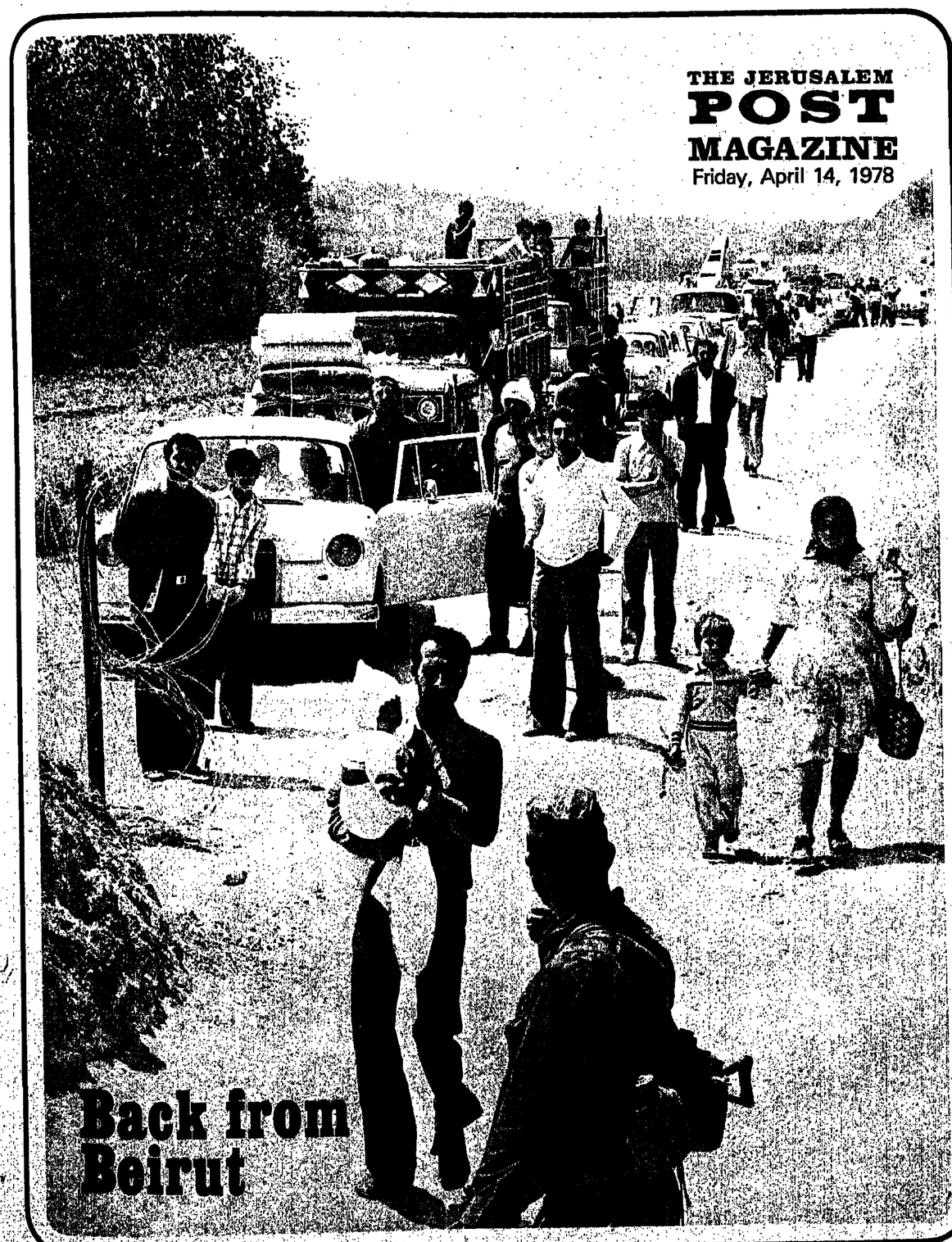
THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE
Friday, April 14, 1978



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On the cover: Lebanese refugees heading south, at the Abbassiya checkpoint. Photo by David Rubinger.

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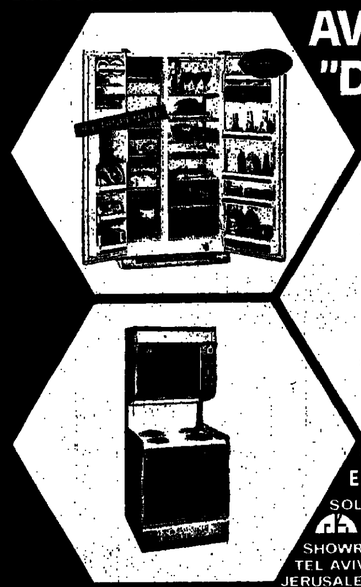

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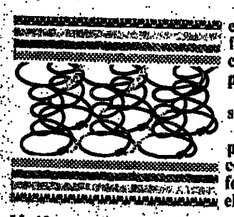

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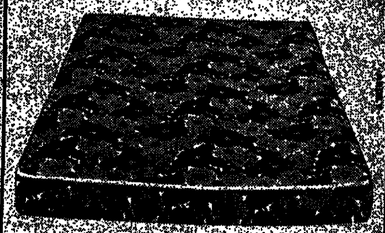


פרדיז סופר-אורטופדי

Sleep relaxed, Wake refreshed.

The values of education

Three leading Jerusalem educationalists recently accepted an invitation to come to *The Post* and discuss attitudes towards the behaviour of Israeli schoolchildren. SUSAN BELLOS reports.

(From left) *Yael Benyamini, Professor Kleinberger and Hedva Ish-Shalom.* (Photographs: Rahamim Israeli).

"I DIDN'T write it as a journalist, but as an agonized citizen," the *Post's* Jack Yeriel confessed at a symposium made up of educators and *JP* staffers. The meeting sprang out of an article entitled "Growing Up Ugly," that Yeriel wrote following a field trip with his junior high school daughter's class to Massada.

The article painted a picture of pre-adolescent boorishness, bordering at times on near-delinquent behaviour, accompanied by a weary helplessness on the part of the teachers.

Interestingly, although the piece provoked few reactions from teachers, it struck a deep chord among many readers, including immigrants from cohesive societies who are today the parents of a generation whose behaviour and mores they often find deeply disquieting.

The problem of our children's behaviour was put to Prof. Aharón Kleinberger, who is a specialist in the philosophy of education at the Hebrew University's School of Education; Yael Benyamini, the principal of the Gonen Tet Elementary School; and Hedva Ish-Shalom, the principal of the Denmark Comprehensive High School in Katamon.

NONE OF THE educators disputed, or even questioned, the details of the article. In fact, litter-throwing, screaming, physical recklessness, insensitivity to others, and a general lack of intellectual involvement in the content of the trip were taken for granted by everybody in the room. This was obviously the "norm" of Israeli seventh-grade behaviour.

The argument between the educators and the journalists was quite simply about where the fault lay. Was it with society at large, the school or the parents?

The educators were rather impatient with the view that the school has some sort of spiritual or ideological function in inculcating desirable values in the young. They appeared to think that the school today has more than enough trouble in imparting subject-matter.

YAEL BENYAMINI, who has been a dedicated elementary-school teacher and principal in one of Jerusalem's most disadvantaged neighbourhoods for 25 years, was frank:

"I was irritated by the article. If you had been one of my parents, I would have asked: What have you done to make your child behave like this? Have you worked together with the school to do anything about it? Schools are no better than the society around them, and you can't expect them to be antiseptically free of the surrounding values."

The majority of Ms. Benyamini's school population is "disadvantaged," and she noted that the parents of these children work more keenly with the school than middle-class parents, "who very often can't be bothered."

Yael Benyamini admitted that it was a simpler matter to instil values at elementary-school age than later on, when "difficult" questions are raised; but she saw the main task of her school as helping children to acquire basic knowledge and intellectual habits. This was a sufficiently complex job by itself she felt, adding, "We can't be Don Quixotes."

Prof. Kleinberger offered even less comfort.

"Why do you expect the schools to be able to inculcate values when they have failed in so many other areas?" he asked. After all, it was questionable whether schools could even teach *knowledge* of values, let alone inculcate them.

"There aren't any standards of values in education today. In modern society, we are witnessing the atrophy of values and the flowering of aggression and violence. Part of this can be seen in individual pathology, and part in the adherence to fanatical ideologies, whether they be in the realm of religion, or nationalism or politics.

"Today's phenomena, which range from smoking in public places to hijacking, are all parts of the denial of basic human dignity, which was first formulated in Kant's categorical imperative."

Apart from the serious breakdown in values in Israel, of which the increase in violent crime is one manifestation, Kleinberger pointed to casual infringements. For example, he said, "I teach in a windowless room in the School of Education and students smoke; without asking anybody's permission."

He also noted that Yeriel had written in his article that the only way he could control some youngsters who were scrambling very dangerously over the side of Massada was to threaten "to slap them silly." *Yeriel:* "But they were exposing themselves and others to physical danger." *Kleinberger:* "Maybe, but violence breeds violence. We live in a world of national liberation movements and messianic nationalisms which try to achieve their goals by violence, so how can you expect the school to be more civilised? Don't forget that in our society in particular, nobody ever succeeds on the basis of quiet, rational argument. It is always by violence, physical or verbal. Look at the labour scene, or indeed the media."

Someone wanted to know whether this meant that schools could be completely absolved of responsibility when it came to the question of values. Parents have to turn to someone. What other address have they?

Hedva Ish-Shalom was inclined to be more helpful. She had read the article, and her staff at the Denmark School had had a valuable discussion about it. She admitted that teachers are of crucial importance in the inculcation of values, but pointed out that they are individuals with different characters like everybody else. They range from "those who carry on in a 40°C hamsin to those who drop at the first mosquito bite. Some care and some don't.

"But," she said, "we still hope that they care a little bit more than the average Israeli." She asked people not to forget, though, that teachers have to be chosen from the people who apply for the job and teaching isn't as prestigious an occupation as it used to be.

"Anyway, however good the teachers are, they cannot educate against the current values of Israeli society. Poor quality teachers are scarcely able to instruct in basic subjects, let alone something as complex as good civic behaviour."

Mrs. Ish-Shalom noted that the Denmark School was visited recently by the Swedish minister of education who made the point that in Sweden, instruction is confined to the teaching of the various subjects on the syllabus. No formal attempt is made to inculcate values.

(Incidentally, in an international study carried out recently by the Centre for the International Evaluation of Education, Sweden had a higher average score than any other country in learning achievements in certain middle grades.)

Mrs. Ish-Shalom wondered whether, "given all the problems of Israeli society, we aren't perhaps taking too much upon ourselves in the schools."

She turned to the qualities to be found in teachers.

"There are two kinds of 'good' teacher: the one who holds command by excellence and the one who does it by intimidation. Many teachers can't manage either. In a totalitarian society a teacher has very high status, and it's very difficult for some of the immigrant teachers in my school from countries like the Soviet Union to adjust. It's also very hard for mediocre teachers, who aren't good enough to command attention, or frightening enough to scare children into compliance."

Benyamini: "Bright, creative people run away from teaching these days and strange as it may sound, I even have to ask myself when we hire a teacher, 'Does she like children?'

"However, it's not merely the problem of teachers; there are also continuing conflicts of values, which in my case are becoming more difficult. I was educated with socialist values and I've taught for 25 years in a working-class neighbourhood. The last elections voted in a non-socialist government, and today there are influences from the educational authorities which go against my own values."

What has by now become clear in the discussion is that the plea for "good civic behaviour and elementary consideration for others" is too vague a formula. It has become increasingly obvious that, even if teachers knew how to inculcate values, there would be a great deal of disagreement among parents as to just what these values should be. Do "values" mean standing up for an older person on a bus, or do they mean fighting for the socially and educationally underprivileged? Or a return to the standards of traditional Judaism?

"SCHOOL is actually much better than outside society," comments Yael Benyamini, "since it's more structured and organized. But parents can't place all the responsibility on the schools, and unless we work together there just isn't any hope for improvement.

"In our school we try to get the parents to bring something of their cultures and their homes into the school. This means, for example, getting parents to recount their own personal aliya-experiences for our Independence Day projects, and making sure that class meetings after school are composed of both parents and children, because I want to stress that when it comes to things such as discipline, we're all in it together."

Benyamini and Ish-Shalom believe that at their schools, no trip could have been as bad as the one described by Yeriel. But they agree that such behaviour is symptomatic of a general lack of discipline in Israeli schools and society.

Kleinberger suggests that some of this asual attitude is rooted in the Hebrew language. "I only call my best friends by their first names, but all teachers are addressed by their pupils that way. Perhaps it is because there is no equivalent of the Frenc, "tu" and "vous" or the German "ich" and "du" in Hebrew, which has no distinction between the formal and the personal "you." It may be a case of familiarity breeding contempt, especially in the schools."

In a cohesive society, Kleinberger pointed out, schools should take second place in reinforcing and teaching knowledge about values which have already been inculcated at home. But no school can inculcate values which are not in harmony with those of the home, and of society as a whole.

If the school cannot be blamed for failing in such an awesome task in Israel today, can it be blamed for not trying enough? In a divided society like Israel, parents have to place their hopes in the school because there is no other institution which can take over when they themselves have failed. Are not parents entitled to expect the Ministry of Education, which trains teachers and builds curricula, to give greater attention to the problem?

As the discussion comes to a close, Yael Benyamini says clearly and forcefully, "I still believe in education," and indeed she continues to struggle, and is one of the most widely-respected elementary-school principals in Jerusalem.

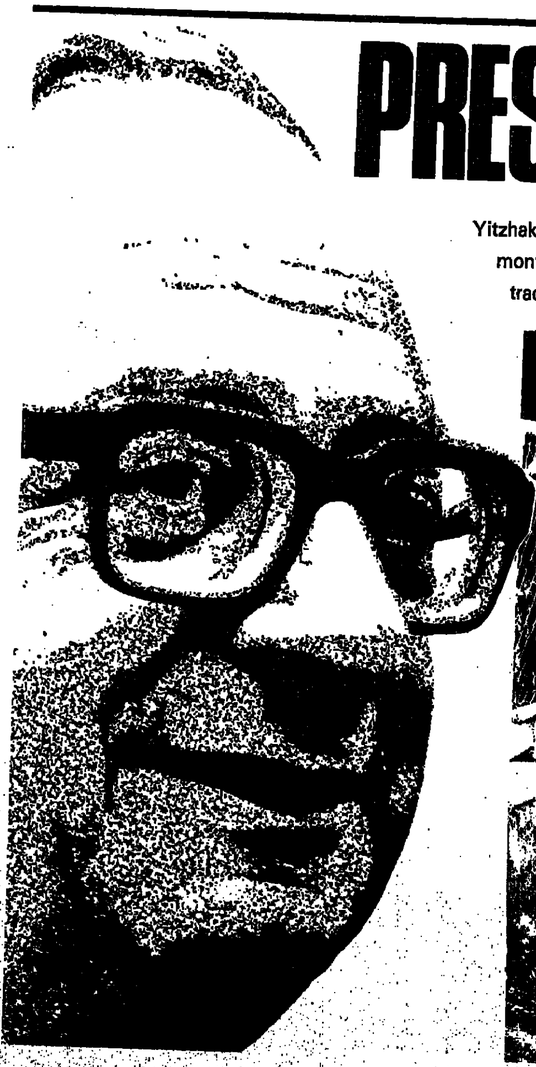
Mrs. Ish-Shalom, for all her pessimism about teachers, adds, "There are a few positive signs. If we let secondary-school pupils become more actively involved in the curriculum and the school, perhaps we could develop more of a sense of responsibility."

And Prof. Kleinberger says, without a great deal of hope in his voice, "Instead of teaching children to play with clay at the kindergarten we could start with education against violence." □

هكذا من الأصل

PRESIDENT-APPARENT

Yitzhak Navon will apparently be the only nominee when the Knesset sits later this month to elect Israel's fifth president. The Jerusalem Post's MARK SEGAL traces Navon's path to the presidency through his political and literary careers.



"I AM ONE of the many who are deeply sorry that the one person who should have been elected president was not chosen... But I do believe that the Jewish nation will perceive your qualities and that we will certainly see you in due course elected President of Israel."

So wrote David Ben-Gurion to Yitzhak Navon on March 24, 1978, after the latter had been defeated as the Labour Party's candidate for the presidency.

The supreme irony of the 67-year-old Navon's impending election as the fifth President of Israel is that he will become head of state under a Likud government. The leaders of his own party have consistently prevented him from reaching high office in the land.

When the election of the fourth president was coming up, Golda Meir as premier saw to it that Navon, the most popular choice, was pushed out of the race: in an uncanny foreshadowing of what we have recently witnessed, she managed to get the late Pinhas Sapir to produce a scientist, Prof. Ephraim Katchalski (later to change his name to Katzir), out of the bag.

Golda Meir and other Mapai leaders never forgot or forgave Navon's Raff heresy, and the Labour Central Committee almost split in half over that vote.

A year earlier, Navon had been narrowly defeated by the party machine in the nomination for Speaker of the Knesset. More recently, in January, 1976, the Mapai fiat was invoked against him, this time by then Premier Yitzhak Rabin, when Navon was ruled out for the Jewish Agency chairmanship, into which Rabin thrust Yosef Almogi.

The Likud's ascendancy brought a turnabout in the attitude of the same people who had previously disqualified him, and suddenly this February we found Mrs. Meir and Rabin actively campaigning for Navon to fight Arye Dulzin for the Agency chairmanship. He declined, fully aware of the realities of the situation.

Political experience has taught him that caution is the better part of successful strategy, and he only came forward in the presidential contest when Herut and the Liberals cancelled out each other's candidates. So if nothing untoward happens, Yitzhak Navon will be the only candidate when the Knesset reconvenes in special session during the Pessah recess to choose President Katzir's successor.

Yitzhak Navon and David Ben-Gurion: learning the importance of putting country before party. (Schlesinger)

SOME LIBERALS have been saying that Navon's election will be a major political blow for the Likud, for the symbol of national unity will be the man who acted as the main TV spokesman of the Labour election campaign.

Herut is said to be pleased with an *Haolam Hazeh* report that Navon was an IZL member for a short period, opting out when he found himself too uncomfortable with their tactics and moving over to the Hagana, where he became head of the Arabic department.

But to judge only by the man's style in his previous public positions, one is sure that the Liberals' suspicions will be shown to be misplaced. The 11 years he served as political secretary to Prime Minister Ben-Gurion (1952-63) left their mark; he learned the importance of putting country before party.

His terms as chairman of the Knesset Foreign Affairs and Defence Committee and as chairman of the Zionist General Council showed how far he is from a narrow partisan approach to public affairs. Indeed, he is unique on the public scene having few enemies — *if* any at all. He is an ideal chairman, one who can charm the unruliest session into obedience.

His WZO post took him to far-off Jewish communities and afforded him a deeper insight into Diaspora problems. A surprisingly warm empathy developed between him and the usually stiff Anglo-Jewish audiences on his visit to London.

They were particularly impressed not only by his good command of English, but by his delightful collection of Yiddish jokes. For this scion of a patrician Jerusalem Sephardi family includes Yiddish among the numerous languages he speaks, writes and laughs in. He acquired Yiddish in order to be better equipped for his work among Argentine Jewry when serving in the Buenos Aires Embassy in 1949-50.

Navon had his academic training at the Hebrew University, where he studied pedagogy, Hebrew literature, Islamic culture, and Arabic language and literature.

His first love was education, and his first job was as a teacher in Jerusalem primary and secondary schools. He returned to this sphere after Ben-Gurion's retirement, turning down the Embassy in Mexico City to become head of the Education Ministry's Cultural Division. In his two years there (1963-65) his special interest was the drive against illiteracy.

NAVON'S FAMILY history reflects the best in the Sephardi heritage. His paternal grandfather, Yosef Navon Pasha — one of the Sephardi magnates of his day — played a leading role in the acquisition of land for the first moshavot and in constructing the new Jewish quarters outside Jerusalem's walled city. His main claims to fame were laying the first railroad between Jerusalem and Jaffa, and feeding the Jewish poor of Jerusalem when famine struck.

The Navons have been Jerusalemites for generations, one of its main branches having its roots in Constantinople. A member of the family — also named Yitzhak Navon — helped Herzl when he went to Constantinople to meet the Sultan, and reported on the event for Nahum Sokolow's newspaper.

The family home in the Turkish capital became a transit station for Russian olim en route to Eretz Israel during the First and Second Aliyot. They helped to arrange the marriage of Eliezer Ben-Yehuda and his fiancée Dvora when they stopped in Constantinople on their way to Jerusalem.

Psychologist Ofira Navon and (right) *four-year-old Erez.* (Zoom 77)

Nira Navon and her father unravel a problem. (Zoom 77)

Navon's maternal family come from Morocco. His grandfather, Rabbi Ya'acov Ben Atar, one of the sages of Moroccan Jewry, decided to come to Jerusalem with his family at the turn of the century after the prophet Elijah appeared to him in a dream. Navon is quoted as saying:

"My grandfather never read Pinsker's *Auto-Emancipation*, nor did he join a Zionist organization. He came to the Holy Land after the prophet Elijah told him to. If Jews everywhere would hearken unto the Prophet's voice, then the Zionist vision would be fulfilled and the People of Israel would be redeemed."

Navon has always been devoted to Sephardi tradition and on the Shabbat and holy days is generally seen at one or other of the Sephardi synagogues of Jerusalem. But he abhors the "professional Sephardi" type and rejects talk of discrimination. However, he deplores the fact that the Israeli leadership, which has so far been of East European origin, has been rather ignorant of the traditions and customs of the Sephardim and Jews from Oriental lands. He is fully aware of the danger to Israeli society in the identification of communal origin with class. He regards education as a major key to the solution of this problem.

PART OF Navon's widespread popularity is due to his writings on Sephardi subjects. His first literary effort — which won a prize when it was published in *Hagalgal* in 1944 — was a short story about a Sephardi boy who leaves home for a kibbutz and is brought back home by his father.

In the late '60s he wrote the text of what became *Romancero Sephardi*, which was a great success as the first pageant of Sephardi folklore in word and song. Then in 1970 he wrote the huge box office success, *Bustan Sephardi* ("A Sephardi Orchard"), telling of life in a Jerusalem quarter. He made Sephardim proud of their heritage and afforded non-Sephardim an insight into a charmed world. His story about Jerusalem, *Six Days and Seven Gates*, has also been dramatized.

His political work interfered with his ambition to write the story of the Sephardi dispersion. However, he did much research into the history of the Inquisition, which took him to church archives in Spain and Latin America.

His visits to Spain brought him into contact with the Madrid establishment. He was received by King Juan Carlos, who sought through him to reassure Israel of his good intentions towards the Jewish people despite the lack of official recognition.

Navon's sophistication in the ways of the mighty obviously derives from his 11 years with Ben-Gurion. The Old Man originally borrowed him from the late Moshe Sharett — he was the foreign minister's aide — in order to learn Spanish. B.-G. wanted to read Cervantes' *Don Quixote* in the original.

Navon was the guardian of Ben-Gurion's privacy and incurred the wrath of many influential people by fending them off.

Navon remains the most dovish among the band of Ben-Gurion's boys who proceeded to leave their imprint on Israeli history. For him, as for his old boss, the prime factor is preserving the Jewish character of the State of Israel. One of his declared aims was to write a book rectifying B.-G.'s historical image, which he thinks was badly hurt during the Lavon Affair.

B-G DEMANDED and got the maximum out of his staff, and indeed it was only when the Old Man finally retired from the premiership that his loyal aide took time to marry. His wedding at Beit Ellisheva in Jerusalem in June, 1963, was the big social-political event of the year.

His choice of bride drew much attention. Ofira Erez was a striking brunette with lovely blue eyes who had won a beauty contest as "the Sabra of 1956" while serving in the army. She was born in Tel Aviv to parents who came from Russia 50 years ago. They had both been imprisoned there for Zionist activities. Her father studied architecture at the Sorbonne and died leaving a young widow with two small daughters. Ofira's sister, Vardina Erez, is an Israel TV producer.

After completing her teacher's diploma at the Levinsky Seminary in Tel Aviv, the young Ofira, who had belonged to the Tnua Me'uhedet youth movement joined the IDF in the Nahal framework. After her army service she studied psychology, first at the Hebrew University and then, on a Rotary stipend, at the University of Georgia. She completed her studies at Columbia, specializing in clinical psychology. It was during her student days that she met her husband.

Mrs. Navon worked for years as chief psychologist at the Ilan children's hospital in Jerusalem and as rehabilitative psychologist for Micha, the society for deaf children. At present she works half days on a special Education Ministry project that enables her to collect the two children, five-year-old Nira and four-year-old Erez — from kindergarten.

The Navons have been living in a rented flat in Jerusalem's German Colony while waiting for their own apartment to be completed. But it will be at Beit Hanassi rather than her private home that Mrs. Navon will now have the opportunity of exercising her flair for interior decorating and her talents as a hostess.

With the entry of its first Sephardi occupant and its first sabra couple the presidential residence will also become, for the first time, the home of a family with young children. When it was built, Yitzhak Navon was among the harshest critics of its suitability. It will be interesting not only to see what he makes of the presidency, but what he and his family make of Beit Hanassi. □

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בס"ד

Passover Seder

The Chabad-Lubavitch Chassidim wish to inform the public that a *Traditional Seder* will be held on the first night of Passover, April 21, at 7.30 p.m., at Chabad House, 58 Rehov Chabad, Old City of Jerusalem. To book for the Seder, and for further information, call (02) 288855, 11 a.m.-12 noon, and 5-8 p.m.
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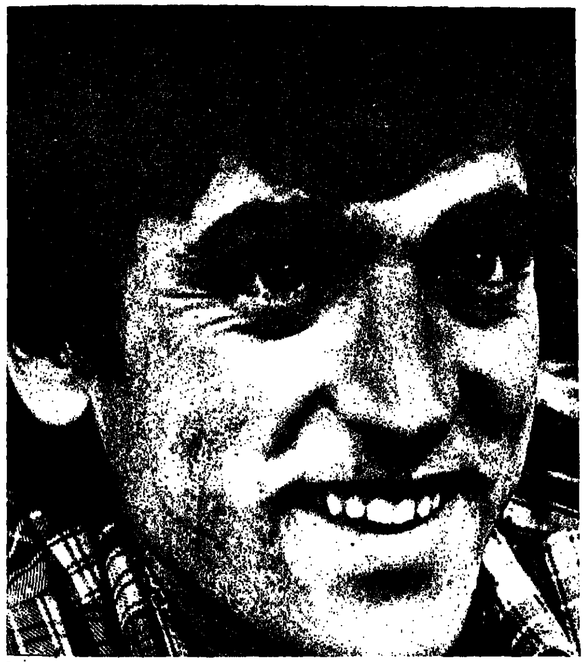
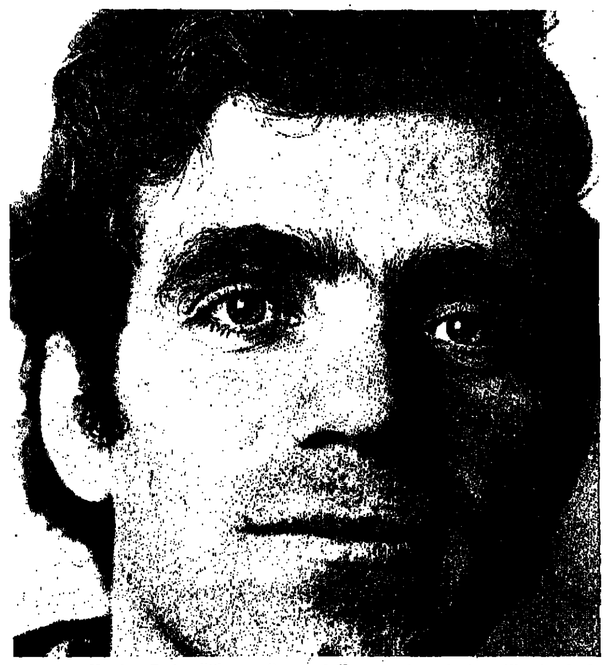
هكذا من الأصل

Anatomy of a movement

If imitation is the highest form of flattery, the organizers of the 'Peace Now' rally have every reason to be pleased with what they've done. On Saturday night, a rival group — calling itself the 'Movement for a Secure Peace' — will hold a similar demonstration in Tel Aviv. PHILIP GILLON talks with four of the 'Peace Now' leaders, who have seen their idea mushroom from a letter to the Prime Minister into a political organization.





Yuval Neriya and Yiftah Ya'acov, two of the nine originators of the 'Reserve Officers Letter' to Prime Minister Menahem Begin a little more than a month ago. (Carol Gootter, Aliza Auerbach)

PRIME MINISTER Menahem Begin was just about to leave for his talks with President Jimmy Carter in Washington. The Premier was claiming that he had an almost complete Israeli consensus behind his policies. Yuval Neriya and one of his close friends, a pilot, knew that many of their friends did not approve of the way the peace negotiations were being handled. They felt that a unique chance to attain peace now was slipping through the government's fingers.

"We never dreamt that we were going to start a great movement," Yuval says. "But we had to do something. Other letters had been written to the Premier, like that from the schoolboys in Beersheba, and had been treated with patronizing contempt. They were told they were too young to understand. Some people were dismissed as leftists. So we decided that the Prime Minister would find it hard to ignore a letter written by combat officers who had proved their worth in action, and had already made a contribution to Israeli society."

Thus came about the Reserve Officers' Letter, which in no time turned into a considerable force. Yuval, now nearly 26, was one of the handful of men who had been awarded Israel's *Itur Hagvura*, the country's highest award for valour and the equivalent of the British Victoria Cross or the Congressional Medal of Honour. He was born in Holon. He is a student at the Hebrew University, and is married to another student who is also a sabra. He received his award for a series of actions of almost incredible gallantry far beyond the call of duty, as a tank commander on the Suez Canal during the Yom Kippur War. He changed tanks nine or 10 times to return to action, and to evacuate wounded, before he was very seriously wounded and evacuated himself.

"OUR IDEA WAS to show the Prime Minister that he did not have the nation behind him when he refused to negotiate over Judea and Samaria to get peace," says Yuval. "We also wanted to show him that we, the combat soldiers, would be placed in a very difficult moral position if the chance to achieve peace is lost and another war breaks out. It was a problem of conscience. If we have to fight again, we have to be sure that everything possible has been done to avoid war and get peace, that there really is no alternative.

"We started off by getting nine people like us who were prepared to sign a letter to Begin. Then everything began to move very quickly. Each person got his friends to sign. What was very important to us was that everybody understood quite clearly exactly what he was signing, and what we wanted."

The friends in turn spoke to other friends. The thing snowballed.

"It seems incredible that only three or four weeks have passed since we started. Now we're a movement with branches all over Israel. All of it has been completely spontaneous. We're not linked to any party or group."

There have been rumours that they are really a front organization for Hashomer Hatzair, and that leftist movements are financing them.

"We get money from all over the place, but we certainly are not linked to anyone, I count it a gain that they are forced to circulate rumours like these."

Yuval himself has never belonged to any political party. "I did vote in the last election," he says. "It's not important for which party."

YIFTAH YA'ACOV is another member of the nine original organizers of the letter to the Premier. He has the frank, extrovert manner of a typical kibbutznik; born on Menara, he has left the kibbutz to study philosophy and economics at the Hebrew University. During the Yom Kippur War, he was severely wounded, while extricating comrades trapped in an ambush in Sinai; he too received a high award for valour. Twenty-six years old, he is unmarried, and lives in Jerusalem.

"Perhaps I'm a little naive," he says with a smile, "but I still believe in democracy. So I was convinced from the beginning that we would get great support. Before the night of the big meeting in Tel Aviv, I was very optimistic; I said we'd get a huge crowd — some of the others were sceptical.

"I'm not a politician — with difficulty, I decided to vote at the last election. To my shame, I can tell you I voted for the DMC. Of course, I'm not satisfied with that party's performance. But this movement of ours is not linked to any party, although of course it is a political movement, in the sense that we want to get political results, a changed attitude to the peace negotiations. I've got a very close friend who's a member of Likud — he's joined us.

"I suppose it's my naivete, but I really believed, when Sadat came to Jerusalem, that it wasn't important who was prime minister of Israel at the time. I assumed Begin would work for peace, that any Israeli government would do so; I never believed the government would behave as it has. But I want to emphasize that I've nothing against Begin being prime minister, although of course I don't like Likud; he was elected, and it was high time we had a change, after 30 years."

Yiftah believed that the movement would develop in three stages. At first they would get the academics, the students, the schools, the youth movements, the workers. Then the Members of Knesset would be forced to take notice of it. Finally, the government would be compelled to change its policies.

SO FAR, he says, only the public has reacted, the politicians are ignoring the movement. Begin has refused to meet them, and Shimon Peres has not communicated with them. The official opposition maintains a lofty but inexplicable silence.

"We'll be pleased to meet Peres, but of course the opposition really doesn't count. It's the government that decides, not the opposition. But we'll be happy about anybody who comes out in support of us. Only we will never allow any politician to turn us into a party instrument, or to make us deviate from our course."

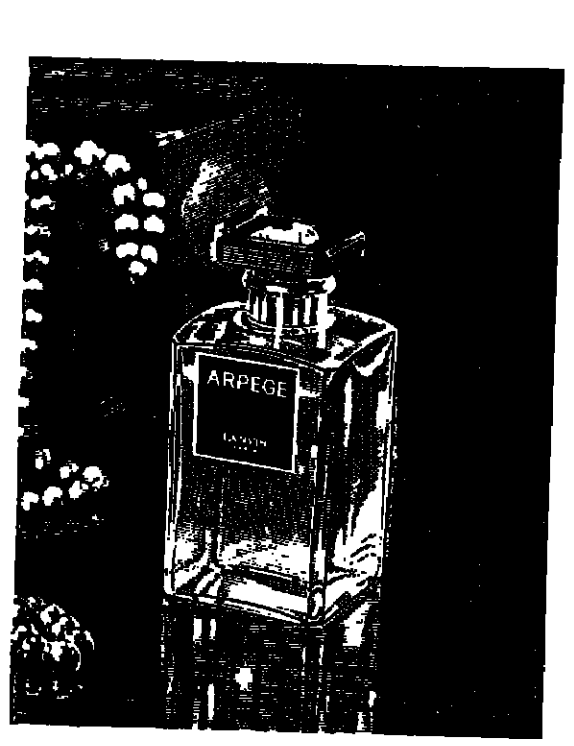
Yiftah is still an officer in the reserves. Critics of the movement have pounced on the use of the word "officers" to imply that there's something snobbish about it, that it's a closed shop, excluding other ranks.

"That's absolute nonsense, of course. Rank isn't important at all. We stressed the reserve officers theme for a specific reason, at a specific time, to make it clear that we were people who were making their contribution to society, particularly to the defence of the country.

"It's interesting that our opponents are reduced to grabbing at any kind of ammunition to attack us, instead of fighting us on the principles for which we stand.

(Continued overleaf)

هكذا من الأصل



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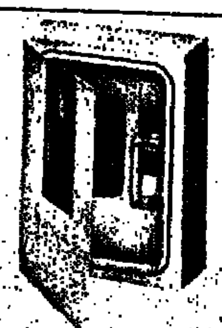

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(Continued from page 9)

ONE OF THE other ranks who was not among the original 300 signatories of the letter, but is now very active in the organization, is David ("Deddi") Zucker, a private in the reserves. But he has had plenty of experience as a paratrooper; now 29, he served in the Six-Day War, the first War of Attrition, the Yom Kippur War, the War of Attrition after that.

Our interview is conducted with the active intervention of his son Roy, aged one, for Deddi has been left to mind the baby, while his wife, a special education teacher, is out at work. Deddi does educational research at the Van Leer Institute in Jerusalem.

"I was not one of the original signatories to the letter," he says. "But all the people concerned knew me, and spoke to me about it. Two days before it was published, they realized that they were launching a bombshell, that the repercussions would be very serious, and that they would need manpower. So they asked me to help.

"We don't have an organization with elected or appointed officers: people are just given specific jobs. For instance, I'm in charge of organizing a mass demonstration in Jerusalem during the week of Passover. But we don't have a chairman, a secretary, and so on. We want to preserve the spontaneity of the movement.

"We're all imbued with the same idea — not to lose this unique chance for peace. Speaking for myself, I've been sick of war ever since the first War of Attrition, although I'm still in the paratroopers. In '69, I didn't vote, because I couldn't decide whom I should vote for. In '73 I voted — I won't say for whom — but I will say that it was the issue of war or peace that governed my voting. The same thing happened in '77.

"Most of the people who support us are coming, I think, from people who voted for the DMC or the Alignment or Sheli, but we're also getting a lot of backing from Liberals in the Likud. Surprisingly enough, also some National Religious Party voters. But it's hard to say who our supporters are; naturally, we haven't any kind of census.

"I must admit that I never believed that the demonstration in Tel Aviv would be such a success. People who are liberal in their thinking are generally those who don't go out on demonstrations; extremists like to take to the streets. Yet we got out that liberal, usually silent group. The left-wing parties could never have obtained such a response; the demonstration proved that we have got a great section of the people behind us."

Deddi laughs. "Ehrlich and Yadin have reacted almost hysterically. Ehrlich has denounced us because he's afraid that he's losing his constituency, those who voted for the Liberals in Likud. Yadin attacks us for talking about our army ranks — this criticism comes from General Yadin, the former chief of staff, who hasn't been exactly reticent about his own rank. But I can understand his reaction — like Ehrlich, he's in trouble, because so many of the DMC voters are now backing us."

Deddi thinks that a major change will take place now in Israeli life. "I think that our success was due to the immense frustration generated by the lack of a constituency system in Israel; there was no way for ordinary people to influence decisions. Like Americans sending a letter to their Congressman. So there was confusion and frustration everywhere. Again, the framework of Israeli politics didn't provide an answer to the challenge of Sadat."

Where does the movement go from here?

"We haven't agreed yet on a policy, only on certain pragmatic actions to be undertaken. Demonstrations to be organized. But we're agreed on certain basics: to show that Begin does not have the consensus he claims, and to fight the influence of right-wing groups like Gush Emunim.

"I personally believe — but I speak for myself, not the movement — that Israel's government must make security its highest test in determining its policies, although it is not the only test. There are historic rights, but these are less important than security. And these rights are not determined by who has sovereignty over a particular piece of land. Then I think we have to accept Security Council Resolution 242 as a basis for negotiation. Finally, I am convinced that no point of settlement is more important than peace."

Deddi Zucker. (Aliza Auerbach)

Yossi Ben-Artzi

YOSSI BEN-ARTZI is a comparatively new recruit to the movement; he lives in Haifa, and has undertaken to organize a demonstration in the northern city. Almost 29, he has a master's degree in geography and teaches at the University of Haifa. He married his wife, Orit, two weeks before the Yom Kippur War. They have a two-year-old daughter, Gigi. Orit, a very pregnant graphics designer, adds, "By the time your article appears, we may well have a second child."

Both Yossi and Orit were in the Nahal, although they did not meet there. Yossi, a paratrooper, is a company commander in the reserves. He fought on the Suez Canal during the first War of Attrition, later on the Jordan border, then in the Yom Kippur War on the Golan Heights.

So his background is as impeccable as the backgrounds of the other leaders. In fact, he can claim something else; he was educated at Haifa's famous Reali School, the nursery of so many of Israel's chiefs of staff and other generals. "But," he says, "Shapiro, the famous Reali principal, wrote a letter in *Ha'aretz* on Wednesday supporting our movement."

"We brought a copy of the famous letter and started to collect signatures. In a couple of days we had 1,000 at the Technion, 1,000 in the University and 3,000 in the streets. The police stopped us on the grounds that we were obstructing traffic on the central Carmel and Rehov Herzl. Of course, one doesn't need police permission to collect signatures, only needs it for holding a demonstration."

Yossi endorses the slogan used at the mass meeting in Tel Aviv: the aim of the movement is not to change the government, but to compel the government to change its policy.

"We're accused of weakening Begin's position in the negotiations. The opposite is the truth. We are strengthening him, not weakening him, because we are giving him a way to get out of the ropes of mysticism and emotion that are binding him. We are telling him to take a chance for peace. After all, in the end, we will have to bear responsibility for whatever policy he adopts, because we have to do the fighting."

Yossi voted for the Labour Alignment in 1973, and the DMC in 1977; his wife Orit voted the same way. Both are united in their determination to compel the Government to change its approach to the critical issues of the day. They face weeks of hard work, collecting signatures, meeting students and workers in Haifa, establishing contacts with kibbutzim and moshavim in the North.

"Getting to workers in factories is tricky," Yossi says, "because they are closely organized and identified in politics. We know that our opponents are trying to tag a label on us. So we have to tread very carefully, because that is what we most want to avoid, getting a political party label."

ANOTHER movement, calling itself the Movement for a Secure Peace, is organizing a counter-demonstration tomorrow night at Malchei Yisrael in Tel Aviv, where the "Peace Now" demonstration took place on April 1. Members of this movement claim that they got 6,000 signatures in support of the Government's policy within two days. Although its leaders say that using military ranks has an unsavoury connotation, and so they are not publishing their ranks, another group, calling itself "Reserve Privates (Not Officers)" apparently supports them.

If they also succeed in getting out tens of thousands of demonstrators, Israel may well be re-entering an era of mass political expression on the street.□

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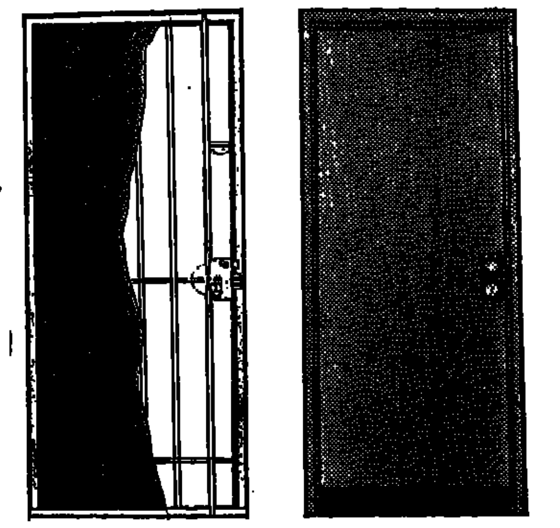

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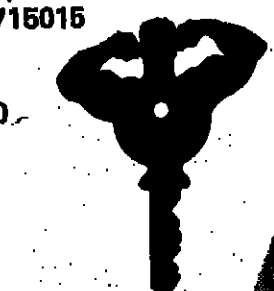

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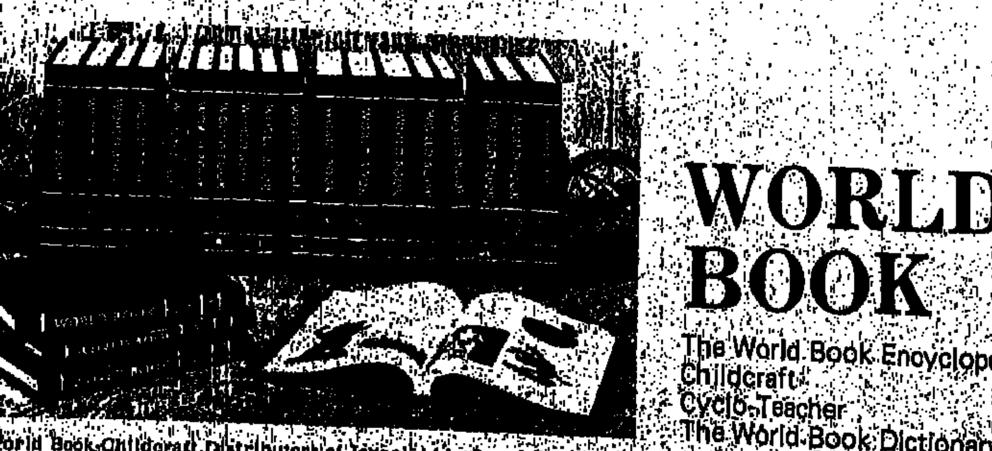

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Homo availibus

Ephraim Kishon

WE MET the fellow quite by chance. He called up one day, introduced himself as Gershonovitz or something, and asked if I didn't by any chance need assistance with my work, which he, if he might say so, really quite admired. He had an honest sort of voice, lisp and all, so I asked would he like to do some proofreading.

"Yes," said Gershonovitz, "when?"

"Tomorrow morning," said I, "and it's got to be finished in a day."

"No problem."

Next morning he showed up betimes. A decent-looking chap, fortyish, a tie, no beard. Glasses and a black briefcase to indicate status. Gym-shoes. Lisp. Gershonovitz.

He took the proofs, put them in his briefcase, said, "Thank you, tomorrow then," and left.

Next morning he was back with a proofreading job well done. True, he'd overlooked a few misprints. He'd overlooked quite a few, actually, and howlers at that. In other words, he'd done a lousy job, but as against that he'd come and fetched the stuff himself and returned it without even asking for a messenger, and that's what counts nowadays.

I asked how much did I owe him, and he said,

"No problem."

Which is to say, quite a bit. Still, he'd fetched and returned, as mentioned. I asked what name to put on the cheque and he suggested we leave it open. Also the date. Also the sum in words.

Then he asked if I had any more work for him. Touched by his devotion, I said he might go to the printer's at noon and check the corrections.

"Sure," he said. "No problem."

I didn't enquire how he'd get there, first because the printer lives in Ramle, and secondly because I'm for keeping a certain distance between employer and staff.

Gershoni stayed checking at the printer's Monday through Thursday, 11.30 a.m. to 7 p.m., and came back softly in his gym-shoes and asked what next.

I said why didn't he give me his phone number, and he gave me the number of his neighbourhood grocery, pointing out they hated taking his calls.

"I'll call you," he said. "No problem."

Next morning — brr-brr. This time I had two assignments for him: to go to the Customs at 10.30 and release a roll of wallpaper, and to go back there at 4.30 and try again. The little woman, who happened to overhear us, asked would he mind picking up her order from the butcher's at five.

"Certainly," said Gershoni, and I do believe he mumbled "no problem" as well.

By then we'd already begun to worry what to do if we ever lost him. We're only human, after all. We had no address, none of his personal particulars at all, except for the reluctant grocer. We weren't even quite sure about his name; the little woman said she bet it really was Gershonovski, only he was ashamed of it. Be that as it may, we knew we simply had to keep him supplied with work.

I asked if he would stand guard for me. Because Grandma Yulisch, who always takes my turn at guarding my son's school, was laid up again, and I needed a stand-in. Gershi agreed, sat faithfully at the gate from 6.30 a.m. to 2 p.m., then reported back, and took my daughter to her Wednesday eurhythmics lesson.

He took her every Wednesday after that, and before long we'd become incurable Gersh-addicts.

"Who is he?" I would ask myself. "Where did he come from?"

Myself wouldn't answer, but my wife would say: "Never mind who, where, as long as he's always available."

THAT, INDEED, was the most amazing thing about him: this availability. Gershi, our go-fer, our man Friday through Thursday, always ready to come and go, fetch and carry — a human being freed from the restrictions of time and place. Like he takes the dog out at night, and once he spent 48 hours at the airport waiting to pick up my Uncle Egon. Another time, last May I think it was, he stood in for me directing some godawful children's play.

His wage remains steady at no problem. His services are prompt and ever available. Gershi is never late, never early, he just is. Financially he's good too — always taking receipts, never giving any.

Some time this winter he represented me at a funeral in the morning, helped me solve a crossword puzzle in the afternoon, and spent the evening on our living-room couch with his briefcase, babysitting.

"Who is he?" the little woman demanded. "After two years I have a right to know!"

Gersh was becoming an issue. The grocer informed us curtly that he didn't know any Gershon -- ski, ovitz, or berg. The little woman rifled the briefcase one day and only found a sheaf of white, pink and yellow forms, all empty. We considered hiring a fellow to tail him, but no one except Gershi was free.

In March I decided to act. I invited Gersh for 12.00, put him on a chair before me, and said,

"Gershi, you're as good as one of the family by now. It's time you told us who you are and what you do."

Gersh lowered his eyes and fumbled with the lock on his briefcase.

"I've got to round out my salary with some extra income ..."

"What salary?" I asked, kindly but firmly.

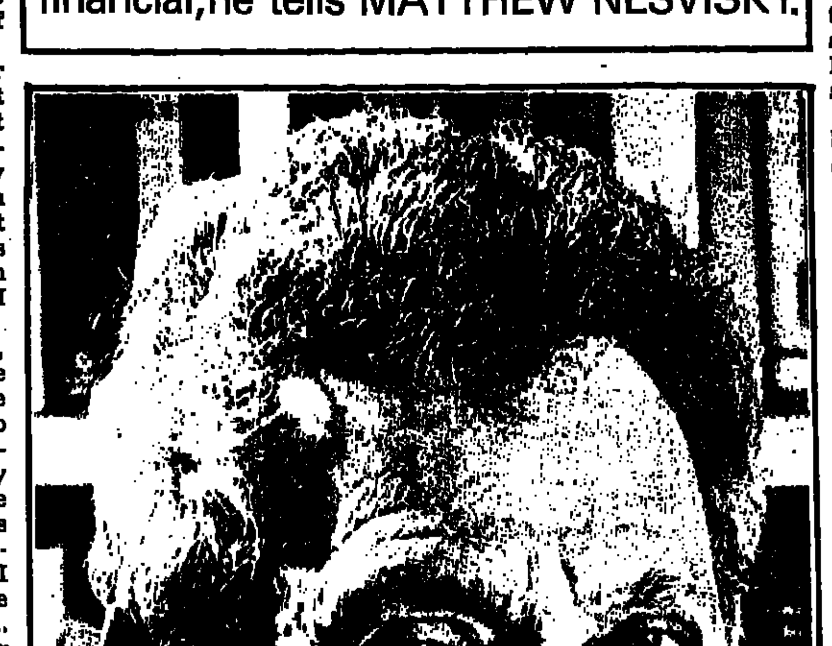
"Me," said Gershi, "I'm a civil servant."

The other day we read in the papers about this ministerial committee they've set up: the government wants to create a substantial difference between wage raises in the services and in industry. Now I'm afraid that if they give production and industry workers a 3.7 per cent raise, Gersh may be tempted to leave us and go to work in the coal mines. □

Translated by Miriam Arad.
By arrangement with "Ma'ariv."

Rich man, rich man

Author Irwin Shaw's wealth isn't only financial, he tells MATTHEW NESVISKY.



Irwin Shaw (above) *and* (below from left) *Peter Strauss, Susan Blakely and Nick Nolte, cast of the television adaptation of "Rich Man, Poor Man."*

"OH, SURE, everybody thinks I'm a multi-millionaire because of the *Rich Man, Poor Man* thing. Well, let's settle that right off: writers simply don't make all that much money

Only an Israeli would be graceless enough to ask straight out just how much money he's made. I ask straight out just how much he's made.

He declines to specify. "Believe me, it's no vast fortune. Certainly not after U.S. taxes and agents' fees and all that. Not that I'm complaining. But the really gratifying thing is that because of *Rich Man, Poor Man* on TV, every one of my books is back in print. All writers want to be read. So it's nice to know there's something of a run on Irwin Shaw."

Irwin Shaw is currently Mayor Teddy Kollek's guest at Jerusalem's Mishkenot Sha'ananim for a month's working holiday. Shaw was already working on the holiday part when I came by the other morning. It was 11 a.m. and the bourbon was flowing. Well, Shaw said he'd been having a toothache off and on. I agreed to have a toothache too.

We talk about the *Rich Man, Poor Man* phenomenon. "The screen option was sold when the novel came out in 1970. Now it so happens I have no interest whatsoever in the film versions of my works. That dates from the movie of *The Young Lions*, which was terribly sentimentalized and distorted. From that point on, I decided, okay, film is a separate medium, let them do as they wish. I haven't seen any of the other movies based on my books.

"They did show me some of the first *Rich Man, Poor Man* series. I thought they'd done a nice job of it, but again I wasn't involved with it at all. It turned out to be enormously successful, with world-wide distribution, and ABC-TV decided to do a sequel. Well, rights for a sequel had been sold in the original contract — and I have to confess I never read my contracts." Shaw grins, hoists his I.W. Harper.

"Then of course the TV people couldn't wait for me to write a sequel. They went ahead and did their own. So again I had nothing to do with it, and never saw it. But I did see an outline, and I was annoyed with what they'd done with the Jordaches. And I felt I had to set the record straight. So, for the first time, I wrote a sequel to one of my own novels. That was *Beggarman, Thief*, which I'm happy to say became a best-seller in its own right. And that's why there are two quite separate versions of what happens to the Jordaches."

Another grin. "And just to confuse matters, a rival TV network, NBC, is filming a series based on *Beggarman, Thief*. That's supposed to be the authentic Irwin Shaw version of the Jordaches on TV. Oh, yes, and NBC has also decided to do a series based on one of my earlier novels, *Evening in Byzantium*. So that's the story of Irwin Shaw on the small screen."

Rich man, rich man indeed.

YET THERE'S another very rich Irwin Shaw, the one with a wealth of experiences, valued friendships, and notable literary production that spans several decades. Now an amiable 65, he's been married to Marian Shaw for nearly 40 years, and he's seen his son Adam become a respected author and critic in his own right. Irwin Shaw's also had the satisfaction of succeeding in every literary genre to which he's turned his hand.

He made his mark in the theatre in 1936 with his powerful anti-war play, *Bury the Dead*. Then came a series of finely polished short stories; several, like "Girls in Their Summer Dresses" and "The Eighty-Yard Run," are considered modern classics and are still included in U.S. college courses on the writing of fiction. He also produced and scripted a highly engaging film called *In the French Style*, which was one of Jean Seberg's finest vehicles. It was based in turn on two of Shaw's beautifully crafted stories, "In the French Style" and "A Year to Learn the Language."

And then, of course, the novels — *The Young Lions*, *Lucy Crown*, *Two Weeks in Another Town* — nine in all. He's working on the tenth now — Novel No. 10, he calls it — a story set in New York and dealing with corruption — and that's all he'll say about it.

Some of the critics have been down on Shaw for his latest books, such as *Nightwork* and *Beggarman, Thief*. Shaw shrugs this off. "I put the same care and attention into a novel as a short story," he says. "And in fact my novels are episodic, built like expanding short stories. So I can't see why the critics are mooning over my earlier 'classic' stories. Let's face it: critics can't stand to see a writer get rich."

A-ha, so he is rich! How rich? Time for more toothache tonic.

I ask him how he feels about those much-praised early stories; did he feel any distance from them as he was selecting the 60 for his retrospective anthology to be published in October by Delacorte under the title *Five Decades*?

"I do have some affection for them", he says. "I work hard at my writing now, and I worked hard at it then. But when I read the stories I'm astonished at how smart I was when I was young. Now I know too much to be that smart."

One of the things Shaw knows best is Paris, and that's been one of the richest things in his life. He lived there for 25 years, and it provided him with a wealth of close friendships. "James Jones, Bill Styron, George Plimpton and the *Paris Review* crowd. The film people — John Huston and Billy Wilder and Anatole Litvak and Carol Reed. So many others. We were a real community. We were good for each other."

Like all good things, Paris had come to an end. Styron went back to the States after *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, and Jones died last year. Shaw was even with the author of *From Here to Eternity* until his last moments. He misses those two close friends.

MEANWHILE, he had long maintained a home in Klosters, Switzerland ("for the skiing"), and he and his wife recently moved there permanently. His goodbye look at his beloved City of Light was a book published last March (with Ronald Searle) called *Paris! Paris!* Shaw was especially gratified when *Le Monde* printed a review "so generous it could have been written by my mother."

Now ensconced in his small skiing village, Shaw says he still sees the whole world come by his door. "Working people, jet-setters, businessmen, CIA agents — we've had Mendès-France to lunch and Isaiah Berlin and Gore Vidal — so many good friends. It's really a pleasure." Grinning, he pours himself another glass of pleasure.

Shaw also speaks affectionately about close writer-friends in the U.S. — Joseph Heller and Kurt Vonnegut — the contemporary writers he enjoys so much, like Norman Mailer and Saul Bellow — and reminisces sadly over the long-time friends like John Steinbeck and Ernest Hemingway. The remarkable thing is that Shaw doesn't seem to have an unkind word for anyone — and writers are supposed to be as jealous as chorus-girls.

"Well, Hemingway turned cold to me in the end," he says mildly. "But that was his way with everybody. I've come to believe it was perhaps because I introduced him to his last wife, Mary."

Although he's made his home outside the U.S. for so many years, Shaw does not consider himself an expatriate. "I've always travelled back and forth," he says, "and was fortunate to have the best of both worlds. My foreign residence is certainly no criticism of the U.S. And Switzerland, regardless of what people think, does not afford me a tax-shelter. I'm happy to say I made the opening Yankee game of the season this year. Much as I love Paris, my heart has really never been very far from New York."

BORN IN Brooklyn, Shaw was the son of a Russian Jewish immigrant "with a name too long to put in the newspaper. An Irish schoolteacher got fed up with it, shortened it to Shaw, and that's what it's been ever since."

Little Irwin grew up in a non-observant home, was bar mitzvah in English, and regrets to this day that he never learned Yiddish. After graduating from Brooklyn College in 1934, the jobless Shaw met the Depression head on by carving out a literary career, and has supported himself solely by his pen ever since.

His first of many visits to this country was in 1943, as a staff writer for the U.S. Army newspaper *Stars and Stripes*. In between such chores as driving a weapons-carrier from Cairo to Algiers and back, and hacking around in a DC-3, he spent a month in Tel Aviv and wrote about the country.

He was back in 1949 to cover the first Independence Day anniversary for *The New Yorker* ("Moshe Pearlman was pretty upset when I reported things like how the wild crowds forced the cancellation of the parades"). The following year he produced a highly popular book, *The Face of Israel*, with photographer Robert Capa. Shaw was here in 1961 to cover the Eichmann Trial, and returned right after the Six Day War to make a documentary film with Jules Dassin.

Shaw is very pleased with what he's seen on his current visit here, and admits he's pained at the difficulties Israel's been experiencing in the international community.

Although he didn't come here to write about Israel, he says he may do so after he leaves. "I'd like to do what I can to help," he says. "I'm not really a political animal; I've always been wary of nationalism and suspicious of people who seek political power. Democracy is the only system that keeps the excesses of both in check. And this is one reason why Israel is so precious — precisely because it is a democracy."

He declines to give advice to Israel, but observes that as long as the Jewish State preserves its democratic character, it will have the latitude and ingenuity to overcome its problems.

"Israel's situation is not of her own making," he says "certainly not when she's surrounded by authoritarian regimes. Authoritarianism is inevitably maintained at the expense of morality. Any right-thinking person should be able to see who is moral and who is not in the Middle East."

Shaw has been choosing his words carefully here, turning pensive and inward. Coming out of it, he returns to his affable and very personable self. Toothache's about gone, but there is that big Sinatra bash coming up, so it might be advisable to stay well oiled; Ol' Blue Eyes will have stiff competition from Shaw's striking baby blues. A drop more bourbon and Shaw chats on amiably about Hollywood friends. It isn't name-dropping, it's just that in the course of his career, Shaw's friends happen to be Names. And it's excusable when you hear how warmly he speaks of everyone.

In short, Shaw has a sense of well-being, enjoys it, and deserves it. He's had his share of achievement in his chosen field, material success, and personal reward from family and friends.

Rich man, rich man. □

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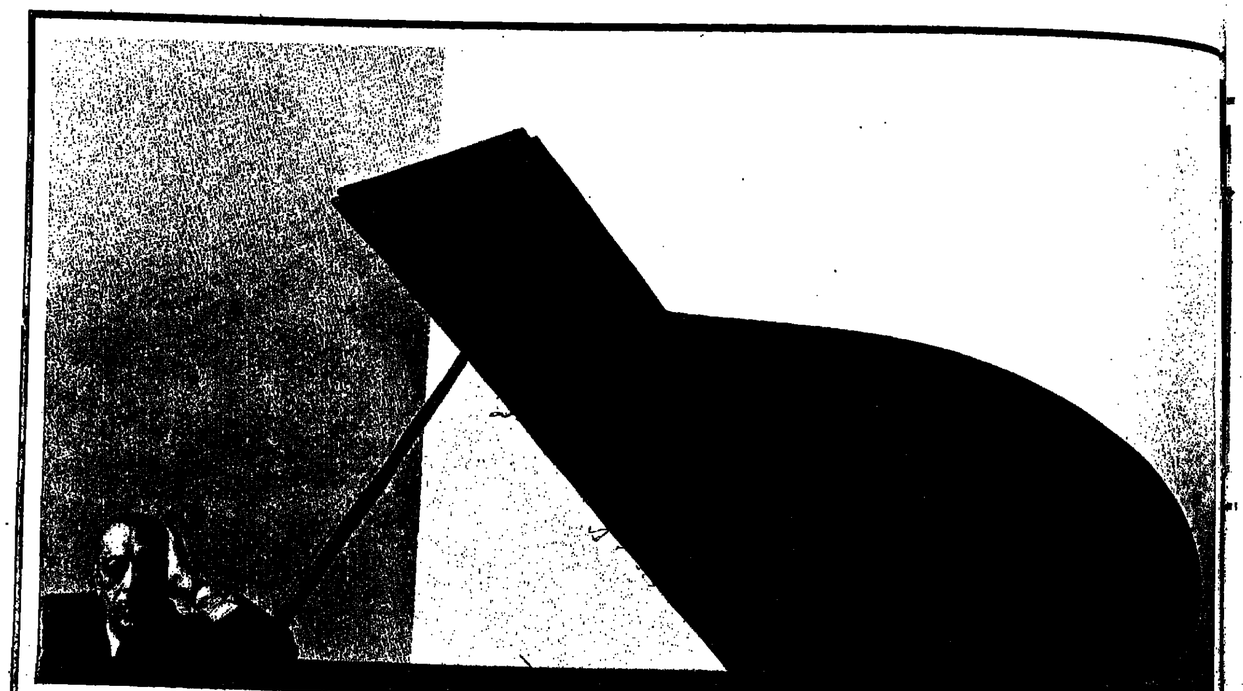

Igor Stravinsky, 1948.

NEWMAN'S EYE

A SHOW of some 100 portraits made over the last 35 years by New York photographer Arnold Newman, some valuable examples of early 19th century photographic plates and visiting cards, and the first travel books of the Holy Land, will inaugurate on Tuesday the new Photography Department of the Israel Museum, which Newman helped to set up.

Newman, now 60, began his career as an art student, but in the late Thirties became a recorder of rural poverty as a photographer for the U.S. Farm Security Administration.

During the Forties he emerged as a portrait photographer of artistic and political personalities, many of whom were, or became, his close friends; and millions of readers of *Life Holiday and Look* became his fans.

Newman admits that a photograph can never reflect much more than once side of a person's character, but his likenesses have always seemed to distill the essence of his sitter, with the result that they have often become the recognized image. Carefully considered, posed and painstakingly lit, they are the antithesis of the photo-journalist's "grab shot."

But their real triumph, perhaps, is in the darkroom, where they are carefully cropped to enhance composition and beautifully printed, each a unique work of art.

The famous Stravinsky portrait here was cropped out of a rather ordinary middle shot. The Mondrian is put together exactly in the same way that the master composed his paintings.

Henry Geldzahler, curator of contemporary art at the New Metropolitan Museum, is posed just as he was immortalized by his painter-friend David Hockney, in a work that captures more of the essence of a Hockney than it does of the sitter. On the other hand the late Alfried Krupp looks suitably demonic against a background of postwar rolling stock, an image built on memories of other waggons, other places. □

MEIR RONNEN

David Ben-Gurion, 1967. (Right) Marilyn Monroe, 1962.

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POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

FLURIARTA — Music and dance. New compositions and choreographies, short films and Israeli pop music by young artists. (Israel Museum, Saturday at 8 p.m.)

ALL-BACH CONCERT — G. Yaron, soprano, V. Maisky, organ. Seven choral fantasies; five songs; trio in A minor; two arias (from cantatas nos. 51 and 201); three preludes and fugues. (YMCA, Saturday)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Subscription concert no. 7, Mendi Rodan, conductor, Motti Schmidt, violin, Alexander Kaganovsky, violoncello, Jeffrey Lyons, oboe, Robin Kennard, bassoon. Bartok: Divertimento; Haydn: Symphony Concertante for Oboe, Bassoon, Violin, Violoncello, Sergiu Natra: Pages (From a Composer's Journal); Comastera: Concertante Variations for Orchestra (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday)

CHAMBER CONCERT — The Israel Piano Quartet. Bach-Mozart: Prelude no. 2; Dvorak: Quartet op. 87, Schubert: Trout quartet; quintet (with David Dancy, double bass) (Khan, opposite railway station, Sunday)

ISRAEL BACH SOCIETY — Directed by Eli Freud. Works by Bach, Vivaldi, Haydn, Mozart. (International Evangelical Church, 50 Hanevilim, Saturday and Tuesday)

EVENING OF BRAHMS — Tavi Harel, cello, Marina Bodarenko, piano, Richard Lesser, clarinet. (Israel Museum, Thursday)

Tel Aviv

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Subscription Concert No. 5 Pinhas Zuckerman, conductor and violin. Chaim Taub, Menahem Breuer, Raphael Markus, Yefim Bojco, Ron Porat, Matos Zalmanovich. Vivaldi: Concertos for 1, 2, 3, 4 violins. Mendelssohn: Italian Symphony. (Mann Auditorium, Saturday)

Mozart: Haffner Symphony and Haffner Serenade; Beethoven: Symphony No. 2. (Mann, Sunday, Monday and Wednesday)

Light classical music series. Shalom Ronly-Niklis, conducting. Pinchas Zukerman, violin and viola. Offenbach: Overture to Orpheus in the Underworld; Beethoven: Romance for Violin; Telemann: Viola Concerto; Ibert: Divertissement; Gillis: Symphony no. 5½ (Mann, Tuesday)

Pinchas Zukerman, violin, Marc Neikrug, piano. Schubert: Rondo Brilliant, op 70; Faure: Sonata op 13; Neikrug: 3 fantasies; Ysaye: Reve Enfant; Prokofiev-Heifetz: March from "Love for Three Oranges"; Tartini-Kreisler: Variations on a theme of Corelli. Stravinsky: Italian Suite. (Mann, Thursday)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — For details see Jerusalem. (Tel Aviv Museum, Series 2, Monday, 8 Tuesday, 4 Wednesday)

11.11 SERIES — Holon Chamber Orchestra. Yona Ettlinger, conduotor and clarinettist. Handel: Concerto Grosso; Stamitz: Clarinet Concerto; Mozart: Divertimento K138; Setter: Solo and Tutti for Clarinet; Mendelssohn: Symphony no. 10 in G Minor. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Saturday at 11.11 a.m.)

FLUTE vs. RECORDER — Michael Meiser plays sonatas by Bach, Telemann, Hindemith, Debussy, and works by Noam Sheriff and Van-Eyk. (Tel Aviv Museum, Saturday).

Haifa

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — For details see Jerusalem. (Auditorium, Thursday)

ALL-BACH CONCERT — For details see Jerusalem. (Stella Maris, Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.)

Other Towns

RENAISSANCE AND BAROQUE MUSIC — (Herzliya, Yad Lebanim, Saturday)

HOLON CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — For details see 11.11 series, Tel Aviv. (Holon, Yad Lebanim, Saturday)

SHARON VALLEY MUSIC GROUP — Ofra Grossmicler, soprano, Eldad Neumark, piano. Songs by Purcell, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Dvorak. (Nazareth, Baptist Village, Monday)

KIBBUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Noam Sheriff, conductor. Works by Geminiani, Stravinsky, Holdheim, Haydn. (Ikram, Tuesday)

FOR YOUTH

BATSHEVA DANCE COMPANY — Special performance for youth. (Tel Aviv, Habimah, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

CARTOON SELECTION — (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Monday at 11 a.m.; 4.30 p.m.)

COLOMBAIONI BROTHERS — Clowns, Commedia dell'Arte, by Italian group. (Jerusalem Theatre, today)

THE ENCHANTED ROOM — Mime, magic, music with the May players. (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Wednesday at 11 a.m.; 4.30 p.m.)

HAGADA EVENING — Stories from the Hagadda. (Tel Aviv, Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 and 9 p.m.)

JOURNEY THROUGH THE CLOUDS — Play by the Kibbutz Drama Group. (Tel Aviv; Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Tuesday at 11 a.m.)

THUMBELINA — Talia Shavit sings songs of Danny Kaye. (Herzliya, David, Monday at 4 p.m.; Kiryat Gat, Heichal Ha'aahur, Tuesday at 4.30 p.m.)

THE WIZARD OF OZ — Film in English (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Thursday at 11 a.m.; and 4.30 p.m.)

YOUTH CONCERT — The Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, Noam Sheriff, conductor. Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No. 3; Copland: La Salon Mexico; Gershwin: An American in Paris (Tel Aviv, Mann Auditorium, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

OPERA

THE ISRAEL NATIONAL OPERA — Producer and directress: Edis De-Philippe. Conductor: George Singer. Alexander Tarsky, Arieh Levanon.

LAND OF SMILES — By Lehar. Cast: Margaret Pearman, Esther Baumwel, Walter Plante, Harrison Sykes, Miriam Laron, Freddy Peer. (Tel Aviv, Saturday; Haifa Auditorium, Monday)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY — By Puccini. Cast: Margaret Pearman, Walter Plante, Umberto Scalavano, Toshiaki Kunii, Joy Blumfelth Schertz. (Tel Aviv, Tuesday).

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR — By Donizetti. Cast: Esther Baumwel, Umberto Scalavano, Toshiaki Kunii, Shildon Pine. (Tel Aviv, Thursday)

DANCE

BATSHEVA DANCE COMPANY — Spanish Mime (Valery Panov); Meditations on an Open Stage (Paul Sanasardo); As I Wish (Yair Vardi); The Lady and the Hooligan (Valery Panov); (Tel Aviv, Habimah, Tuesday, at 8.30 p.m.)

The Mythical Hunters (Glen Tetley); A Survivor from Warsaw (Valery Panov); Abandoned Prayer (Paul Sanasardo); The Lady and the Hooligan (Valery Panov); (Habimah, Wednesday at 8.30)

INBAL DANCE GROUP — (Beit Shean, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.; Shiloni, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Valery and Galina Panov will perform with the Batsheva Dance company as part of the Spring Festival.

SPRING IN JERUSALEM

THE HOMECOMING — By Harold Pinter. M. Cordon Productions (Britain). (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday and Tuesday)

PINOK AND MATHO — French mime theatre. (Beit Ha'am, 21 Bezalel, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

ROSENKRANTZ AND GILDENSTERN ARE DEAD — Tom Stoppard's play based on Shakespeare's "Hamlet", as seen from the viewpoint of these two minor characters. Produced by the Khan Theatre. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday)

BATSHEVA DANCE COMPANY, WITH GALINA AND VALERY PANOV — (Binyenei Ha'oomah, Saturday)

PAUL BADURA-SKODA — From Austria. Piano recital of works by Schubert. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday).

THEATRE

All performances are in Hebrew, unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

ABOVE AND BEYOND — Actor Oded Teomi relates some of his mystical experiences and reads excerpts from famous literary works. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 94 Bezalel, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

FLOWERS FOR A WHITE MOUSE — Science fiction monodramk of a retarded man who becomes a genius after an experimental brain operation. With Habimah actor Alex Peleg. Adapted and translated by Ehud Manor. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 94 Bezalel, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE HOUSE OF MAN — Raharira Harifai reads poems and tells stories. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 94 Bezalel, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE SUBSTITUTE — Japanese comedy in the Kabuki style by Shiko Okumupa. (Israel Museum, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THEATRE GAMES — Improvisational show in which the technical behind-the-curtain activities become the centre-stage performance. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

ALL MY SONS — Arthur Miller's play about World War II profiteers. Produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Cameri, 101 Dizengoff, Monday)

DEEP WATERS — Habimah production by Hillel Mittelpunkt. Directed by Amri Nitzan. Attempts to enter the lives of a group of youths who are at once the products of their society and at variance with it. (Habimah's Small Hall, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

EVERYONE WITH EVERYONE — Comedy with Mandy Rice-Davies, Avraham Mor, Aaried Asherov. (Ohel, 8 Bialinsky, Saturday at 7.15 and 9.30 p.m.; Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THE FALL — Albert Camus' play translated and directed by Niko Nilal. Produced by Ta'atron. (Beit Hoven, Rehov Dizengoff, Saturday and Wednesday)

FLOWERS FOR A WHITE MOUSE — (BOA House, 1 Daniel Frisch, tonight at 10.30; Saturday at 9 p.m.)

THE HAT — By Motti Averbuch (Jaffa, The Third Floor, 12 Yifat, Saturday and Thursday at 9 p.m.)

HASARA BETSHUVA — Written by Yehoshua Sobol. Directed by Elan Romes. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tonight at 9.30 and 11.30 p.m.)

HIS FRIEND AT COURT — Ephraim Kishon's 1957 comedy about bureaucracy enjoying another triumphant run, despite, or because of, the creaky plot and pervasive banality. Produced by the Habimah Theatre. (Habimah's Large Hall, Saturday, Sunday, Monday)

THE KITCHEN — Arnold Wesker's 1959 play takes place in the kitchen of a large London restaurant where a mass of overworked, underpaid cooks, waitresses, keipers, garbage collectors and other staff go through a gruelling day of menial, soul destroying work. Ideiesily directed by Omri Nitzan. (Habimah's Large Hall, Thursday)

MAN IS MAN — Brecht's chilling play about an innocent labourer, brainwashed into becoming a bloodthirsty soldier, in a striking though flawed production directed by Hanan Snir. (Nahmani Hall, 17 Nahmani, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

MONSIEUR GOES HUNTING — By the Cameri Theatre. (Cameri, 101 Dizengoff, Saturday and Sunday).

OPEN STAGE — "The Night in the Old Market," produced by the Drama Studio. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, today at 8)

PINOK AND MATHO — French mime theatre. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Saturday at 8 p.m.)

PLEASE GOD BY YOU — Comedy with Gabi Amrani, Laura Sahar, Rafi Taylor, Irit Meiri. (Beit Hahayal, Weizmann and Pinkas, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

TWO FOR THE SEESAW — Romantic comedy by William Gibson. Produced by the Lilah Theatre. (Municipal Workers House, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.; Nahmani, 17 Nahmani, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT JENNY — An extremely silly comedy about a sexiuagenarian lady who has just discovered sex, champagne and other good things in life; a vehicle for Hannah Marron who makes the most of it. (Cameri, 101 Dizengoff, Wednesday and Thursday)

WOYZECK — German dramatist Georg Bruchner's social satire written in 1836. Produced by the Habimah Theatre. (Habimah's Small Hall, Saturday, Wednesday, Thursday)

YASHA GOREN — A new play by Yosef Bar Yosef about a labour politician with surprises, and his politically ambitious young wife. Has some mildly entertaining moments amidst all that nonsense. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Tuesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

EVERYONE WITH EVERYONE — (Shavit, 9 Hasport, tonight at 9.30)

HIS FRIEND AT COURT — (Haifa Auditorium, Tuesday)

MONSIEUR GOES HUNTING — (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 50 Pevsner, Sunday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE WISE MEN OF CHELM — By the Haifa Municipal Theatre. (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 50 Pevsner, Monday)

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT JENNY — (Haifa Auditorium, Saturday and Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

Other Towns

ANDORRA — The Beersheba Theatre's production of the play by Max Frisch. (Dimona, Sunday; Beersheba, Monday)

GOG AND MAGOG — Playwright Yehoshua Sobol, director Noja Gallion and a cast of four have a great time in a musical revue about war and peace and all sorts of problems. (Ramana, tonight)

MAN IS MAN — (Kiryat Haim, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

THE MURDER OF PIERROT IN THE ENGLISH SCHOOL — Quasi Commedia dell' Arte by the Beersheba Theatre. Questions present-day education approaches. (Mitspe Ramon, Wednesday)

(Continued on page 8)

For last minute changes in times or performances, or where times are not available, please contact Box Office.

(Continued from page A)

ENTERTAINMENT

OEDIPUS REX — The greatest drama ever written about a terrible crime and a most terrible self-punishment, in a new production which shrinks the great story to small size but shows some of its greatness. (Beit Keshet, Sunday at 9 p.m.; Yehud, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE OVERCOAT — By Gogol. In Russian. (Kiryat Yam, Saturday at 8 p.m.; Petah Tikva, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

PLEASE GOD BY YOU — (Holon, Rina, tonight at 9.30)

ROMEO AND JULIET — Beersheba Theatre production of Shakespeare's tragedy. (Beersheba, Beit Ha'am, tonight, Saturday, Tuesday and Thursday)

SOUNDS OF THE THEATRE — With actor Yehuda Efroni; Adi Etzion, soprano; Sara Fuxon-Hegman, piano. Excerpts of works by Sophocles, Chekov, Kishon, Kurt-Weill, Sasha Argov, Herle, John Cage, John Williams. (Rehovot, Wix, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE TENANTS — Written by Yehoshua Sobol. Produced by the Haifa Municipal Theatre. (Petah Tikva, Monday)

THEATRE GAMES — (Tzur Shalom, Sunday. Mazkeret Batya, Monday)

Jerusalem

CITIZEN KANE — Film directed by and starring Orson Welles. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 6 and 8.30 p.m.)

ILANIT — In a new show "Songs." (Beit Ha'am, 11 Bezalel, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

ISRAEL FOLKLORE — (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — With well-known jazz musicians. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 94 Bezalel, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

YOUR PEOPLE ARE MINE — Pop musical based on the Book of Ruth. In English (Tel Or Theatre Club, Rehov Hahistadrut, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

DUDU DOTAN — In a comedy by Shaike Ophir. (Bat Dor, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tonight at 11.30; ZOA House, 1 Daniel Frisch, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

HAGASHASH HAHIVER — In a programme of jokes, songs and skits, written and directed by Yossi Banai. (Beit Hahayal, Weizmann and Pinkus, Monday at 9 p.m.)

IN A PANIC — Written by Shimon Israeli, with Moti Giladi. (Bat Dor, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Saturday at 7.45 and 10 p.m.; Ohel, 6 Bellinson, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

ILANIT — (Beit Hahayal, Weizmann and Pinkus, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI — The singer/composer in a new programme with his band. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

YONATAN GEFEN — "Livingroom Chat." (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

Other Towns

HAGASHASH HAHIVER — (Ramat Gan, Ordea, tonight at 9.30; Avihail, Beit Hagdudim, Saturday at 9 p.m.; Ashkelon, Rahel, Sunday at 9 p.m.; Ashdod Hall; Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

ILANIT — (Holon, Yad Lebanim, tonight at 9.30)

IN A PANIC — (Givatayim, Shavit, tonight at 9.30)

MATTI CASPI — (Nahariya, tonight at 9.30; Beersheba Conservatory, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

YONATAN GEFEN — (Eilat, Monday at 10 p.m.; Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.; Neviot, Wednesday at 9 p.m.; Ein Gedi, Thursday at 10 p.m.)

FILMS

ABBA — Colourful promotional-style documentary of the successful 1976 Australian tour of "Abba." Sweden's internationally famous pop group. They are good-looking, freshly turned out and reputedly the greatest hit since the Beatles. Relaxing and enjoyable.

ANNIE HALL — Woody Allen's latest and most personal film about the relationship between an ill-matched couple. Touching, humorous and totally convincing with the usual stock of terrific verbal and visual gags. Stars Woody Allen as comedian Alvy Singer and Diane Keaton as Annie Hall.

ANOTHER MAN, ANOTHER CHANCE — A landscaped and gentle love story between a French woman and a widowed veterinarian set in the American west of the 1870s. Incorporates the Franco-Prussian war in Europe and follows the pattern of "A Man and a Woman." Delicate handling with some beautiful moments but overall very disappointing. Directed by Claude Lelouch.

THE APPLE DUMPLING GANG — Story of three youngsters who find gold and strike it rich, starting a ghost town gold rush.

CRIA CUERVOS — Successfully synthesizes innocence and the demonic in a 9-year-old girl who poisons her father believing him responsible for her mother's death.

DON'S PARTY — Well acted, very amusing Australian production of David Williams' successful but wildly vulgar stage play. Eleven friends gather to celebrate the 1969 into a riot of ill manners and sexual activity, which, overall, is more and than shocking. Worth overcoming your embarrassment.

FACE TO FACE — Ingmar Bergman's excellent psychological study of a woman (Liv Ullman) who works in a mental asylum and who, by excessive introspection, loses her grip on reality.

FANTASIA—Satirical stab at the bloated Israeli male ego. Ya'acov Kolf, a lonely and dull bachelor, decides to hang himself. In the nick of time he is rescued by a fabulous Swedish princess who restores his will to live. But after a night of dancing he is obliged to join the conveyor belt of semi-naked suitors parading for her favour — of course, to no avail. Not good enough to be clever and the laughs pall.

THE GAUNTLET — Clint Eastwood as a cop tries to solve a confusing series of violent attacks against a tough young woman.

HALAHAKA — Set in 1969 during the War of Attrition, it describes the loves, hates, fears, ambitions, performances and practical jokes of a successful army entertainment troupe. Featuring 16 of Israel's most talented and good-looking young singers. Nostalgic and delightful.

HESTER STREET — Sympathetically depicts the dilemma of *Shtetl* Jews from all over Europe in adapting to the mores of their adoptive country — the U.S. Steven Keats plays the assimilated Jew who has preceded his wife (Carol Kane) and son to America and tries to eradicate his old self by rejecting her.

UN HOMME ET UNE FEMME — Claude Lelouch's beautiful film about a widow and widower who meet through their respective children and fall in love. With Anouk Aimee and Jean Louis Trintignant.

JULIA — Fine film directed by Fred Zinneman and based on Lillian Hellman's "Pentimento." About the deep friendship and loyalty between two women, the film spans a time period of 40 years, starting from the years prior to the outbreak of World War II and Julia's fight against fascism. Exceptional acting by Jane Fonda and Venessa Redgrave.

LA VIE DEVANT SOI — Simone Signoret as Madame Rosa, an ailing, retired prostitute who looks after the children of her fellow street workers. Her deepest secret is her Jewishness and closest to her is Mohammed, the sad Arab boy she adopted. Sensitive, vivid and recommendable.

LEMON POPSICLE — Israeli film with a cast of good young actors who turn in natural and touching performance. Set in the late 50s the film is about the pranks of three daredevil lads. Adults only.

MARY POPPINS — Julie Andrews as the nanny with magical powers sings and dances her way through this musical fantasy for all the family.

THE OTHER SIDE OF MIDNIGHT — Based on the best selling novel about a young woman's obsession with a past lover and her ruthless efforts to win him back. Colourful but rather long and slow; yet, like the book, compulsive nonsense.

THE SAILOR WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE SEA — A kind of inverted fairy tale for adults, with a lot of sex and a child's-eye view of events. The film is weird and silly at times, but the beautifully photographed wild sea-coast, the harshly idealistic, Nietzschean children, and a hot siren-sailor romance, merge slowly together.

SILVER STREAK — Amusing and very entertaining story about a mystery murder on the Silver Streak, the train from L.A. to Chicago. Excellent performances from Gene Wilder, Richard Prior and Patrick McGoohan.

A SPECIAL DAY — A weary working-class mother and a lonely homosexual share a few poignant hours together against a background of martial music and commentary recording Hitler's state visit to Italy in 1938. Situation rather contrived but acting excellent. Sophia Loren glows through her poverty. Artistic and sensitive handling and remarkable sepia and red colour effects.

TELEFON — Relatively exciting spy novel turned into a tedious and repetitive film, relying far too heavily on the stony presence of Charles Bronson, and numerous scenes of violent disasters. Working within these limitations, Don Siegel has given us a very poorly acted and boringly directed farce.

THE TURNING POINT — Sentimental and often embarrassing attempt to capture the human-dimension behind the exotic, overpowering world of professional ballet. Shirley MacLaine and Anne Bancroft co-star as two women suddenly confronting themselves and each other while the younger generation reaches to stardom. Feast of ballet excerpts and good studio-work scenes.

THE TWELVE CHAIRS — Mel Brooks' adventure comedy set in 1927 Russia against a background of post-revolutionary chaos. With Mel Brooks, Ron Moody, Dom Deluise and others.

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA — Adventure film based on the novel by Jules Verne. Stars Kirk Douglas.

VALLEY OF THE DOLLS — Screen version of Jacqueline Susann's novel about sex and pills in the world of high fashion.

Some of the films advertised are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

MARGARET
of
VIDAL SASSOON/London
Hair Styling Salon
has returned from England with new haircut and hair styles.
Now with
SONYA HAIR STYLING SALON, Haifa.
Tel. 81801

SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL
WOMEN AND TEEN'S FASHIONS FOR PASSOVER
at reduced prices.
MY LADY
58 Rehov Bayit Vegan, Jerusalem
Sat. night, April 15th,
7.30—10.00 p.m.

DIVING
Courses in Tel Aviv
Every week:
★ Courses at the Red Sea
★ Red Sea diving tours
★ Boat trips to the Straits of Tiran
★ Weekends at Sharm, 50% reduction
Central Diving School
Mediterranean Diving Club
Red Sea Diving Association
Room 505, El-Al Building,
Tel Aviv, Tel. 298329, 291858.

Tel Aviv Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, April 15, 1978

ALLENBY
5th week
5, 7.15, 9.30
Your next phone call could be your last

TELEFON
THE MOST EXPLOSIVE PICTURE OF THE YEAR
CHARLES BRONSON
LEE REMICK

CINEMA ONE
ISRAEL PREMIERE
Tonight 10 & 12 Midnight
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
★ RICHARD HARRIS
★ CHARLOTTE RAMPLING
ORCA
"THE KILLER WHALE"
TERROR SUSPENSE
DANGER ADVENTURE
VIOLENT RAGING
SAVAGE
"EREZ" Films Ltd.

DRIVE-IN CINEMA
PRESENTS:
Starting Saturday 7.15
ISRAEL PREMIERE
For all the family

Across The Great Divide
ROBERT LOGAN · GEORGE FLOWER
ISRAEL PREMIERE
Tonight at 10 & 12.30
Sat. & Weekdays 8.30
BO SVENSON · CYBILL SHEPHERD
in "SPECIAL DELIVERY"
A "SEVEN STARS" film

BEN YEHUDA
ISRAEL PREMIERE
Tonight 10-12 Midnight
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
The best selling novel is now a triumphant new film
I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN
★ BIBI ANDERSSON
★ KATHLEEN QUINLAN

L'Animal

CHEN Tel. 282288
ISRAEL PREMIERE
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
★ JEAN PAUL BELMONDO
★ RAQUEL WELCH

A "SEVEN STARS" film

ESTHER Tel. 225610
3rd week

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEKEL Tel. 454114-5
10th week
THE TURNING POINT
A Film by Herbert Ross
★ ANNE BANCROFT
★ SHIRLEY MACLAINE
★ MICHAIL BARYSHNIKOV
★ LESLIE BROWNE
7, 9.30

CINEMA TWO
3rd week
ANNIE HALL
★ WOODY ALLEN
★ DIANE KEATON
★ CAROL KANE
Starting Tonight
at 10 & 12 midnight
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 10 a.m., 12, 2, 4.45
7.15, 9.30

RAMAT AVIV
★ SARAH MILES
★ KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
The sailor who fell from grace with the sea.
Adults only
Fri. 10 A.M. midnight
Sat. & Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

OPHIR 4.30, 7, 9.30

"THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE"
★ WILLIAM HOLDEN
★ CLIFF ROBERTSON
★ CARROL O'CONNOR
Colour Panavision
United Artists

GAT Tel. 267888
LADY & THE TRAMP
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6, 8
From Sunday April 16,
also daily 11 a.m.,
except for Tues. and Thurs.

GORDON Tel. 24433
3rd week
A different Israeli Comedy
FANTASIA
on a romantic theme
4.30, 7.30, 9.30

ROD Tel. 226226
World Premiere
A film about an Israeli army entertainment troupe
HALAHAKA

Directed by Avi Nesher

LIMOR Tel. 260773
7th week
SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS
★ NATALIE WOOD
★ WARREN BEATTY
4.30, 7, 9.30

MOGRABI Tel. 237457
7th week
The Other Side Of Midnight
a film by CHARLES JARROT
★ MARIE-FRANCE PISIER
★ JOHN BECK
at 5 & 9

FARIS Tel. 224600
3rd week
SWITCH-BOARD OPERATOR
Fri. 10 a.m. & 12 noon
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 10 a.m., 12, 2, 4,
7.15 & 9.30

MAXIM Tel. 287457
14th week
at 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
CRIA CUERVOS
★ GERALDINE CHAPLIN
★ ANA TORRENT
★ MONICA RANDALL

ORLY
3rd week
A film by:
CLAUDE LELOUCH
★ JAMES CAAN
★ GENEVIEVE BUJOLD

Another man another chance
United Artists
A Transamerica Company
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV Tel. 281151
6th week
CLINT EASTWOOD
THE GAUNTLET
Colour — ADULTS ONLY

TEL AVIV MUSEUM
29th week
★ CAROL KANE
★ STEVEN KEATS
HESTER STREET
Joan Michlin Silver's movie
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Sun. — Thurs. 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

ZAFON Tel. 445088
2nd week
LA VIE DEVANT SOI
A film by
MOSHE MIZRACHI
with
★ SIMONE SIGNORET
★ SAMY BEN YOUB
Thursday no performances

ROYAL Tel. 55851
THE SECRETS OF A SUPERSTUD
Adults only
In colour
Fri. 10 & 12, 2
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 10 a.m., 2, 4,
7.30, 9.30

TOHELET Tel. 448884
6th week
THE SAVAGE INNOCENTS
A film by Nicholas Ray
★ ANTHONY QUINN
★ PETER O'TOOLE
★ YOKO TANI
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

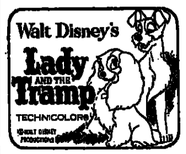
PEER Tel. 443795
13th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
When you mix a left wing teacher with a loud mouthed sex maniac and a mild mannered accountant with a failed philosopher and a frustrated wife with a drunken pornographer and a promiscuous 19yr. old with a temperamental artist and an arrogant dentist with a lot of booze and a Gough Whitlam with a John Gorton, anything can happen.
DON'S PARTY.
What a night.
ADULTS ONLY

Cinema Shahaff
10th week
Tonight 9.45 p.m. & midnight
Sat. 5, 7.15, 9.30
Weekly: 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
I was only 17, she was only 16, it was summer, we were on the beach listening to Elvis and the moon was full. It was 1958... Where do you go when the party is over...
Produced by:
Menahem Golan —
Yoram Globus
Directed by: Boaz Davidson
Lemon Popsicle
★ YIFTACH KATZUR
★ ANAT ATZMON
★ SACHI NOY
★ JONATHAN SAGAL
ADULTS ONLY.

STUDIO Tel. 295157
4th week
4.30, 7, 9.30
JULIA
★ JANE FONDA
★ VANESSA REDGRAVE

Ramat Gan Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, April 15, 1978

ARMON


HADAR Tel. 723811
★ RICHARD HARRIS
★ CHARLOTTE RAMPLING
ORCA
"THE KILLER WHALE"
4, 7.15, 9.30

LILY
12 CHAIRS
MEL BROOKS
7.15, 9.30

OASIS
World Premiere
A film about an Israeli army entertainment troupe
HALAHAKA

Directed by Avi Nesher
4, 7.15, 9.30

RAMA
FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE
★ CLINT EASTWOOD 7.15, 9.30

ORDEA
10th week
LEMON POPSICLE
7.15, 9.30
with English and German subtitles

RAMAT GAN
7.15, 9.30
THE NEXT MAN
★ SEAN CONNERY
★ CORNELIA SHARP

Herzliya

DAVID
20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA
7, 9.15

TIFERET HERZLIYA
2nd week
BITTER SWEET LOVE
7.15, 9.15

Petah Tikva

SHALOM
AT THE EARTH'S CORE
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7.15, 9.15,
except Tues.

Netanya

ESTHER
6th week
Lemon Popsicle
7, 9.15
Adults only

Haifa Cinemas

Comencing Saturday, April 15, 1978

AMPHITHEATRE
★ ALAN ARKIN
In a new comedy
FIRE SALE
in colour
4, 6.45, 9

ARMON
Israel premiere
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
★ JEAN PAUL BELMONDO
★ RAQUEL WELCH

L'Animal
4, 6.45, 9

ATZMON
2nd week
The most hilarious comedy — many songs and love
HALAHAKA

★ GIDI GOV
★ SASHI KESHET
★ TUVIA ZAFIR

CHEN
2nd week
★ CLINT EASTWOOD
The Good The Bad and The Ugly
★ LEE VAN CLEEF
owing to length
4, 6.30, 9

MIRON
six nonstop perfs.
THE SPIDER
Adults only

ORAH
6th week
★ SHIRLEY MACLAINE
★ ANNE BANCROFT
The Turning Point
No compl. tickets
4, 6.45, 9

ORION
Six nonstop performances from Friday
MGM presents the great thriller after King Kong
GORGO
in colour

MORIAH
4th week
A lovely French production
Rose Et Frederic
in colour
English subtitles
6.45, 9 only

ORLY
6th week
2 nightly performances: 6.45, 9
CRIA CUERVOS
★ GERALDINE CHAPLIN
★ ANA TORRENT
★ MONICA RANDALL

ORDAN
the motion picture of Jaqueline Susann's world best seller
THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS
4, 7, 9

PEER
Walt Disney's latest film
THE APPLE DUMPLING GANG
★ BILL BIXBY
★ SUSAN CLARK
★ DON NOTTES
4, 6.45, 9

RON
7th week
A long awaited film in Haifa
LEMON POPSICLE
colour — ADULTS ONLY
4, 6.45, 9

SHAVIT
2nd week
SILVERSTREAK

Jerusalem Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, April 15, 1978

ARNON Tel. 224829
BITTER-SWEET LOVE
★ ROBERT LANSING

EDEN Tel. 223829
ISRAEL PREMIERE
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9
★ RICHARD HARRIS
★ CHARLOTTE RAMPLING
ORCA
"THE KILLER WHALE"
TERROR
SUSPENSE
DANGER
ADVENTURE
VIOLENT
RAGING
SAVAGE
"ERETZ" FILMS LTD.

EDISON Tel. 224056
Saturday 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9
THE AVENGER
★ BRUCE LEE

HABIRAH Tel. 232366
SECRETS OF A SUPERSTUD
★ ANTHONY CANYON

JERUSALEM Kiryat Yovel
Mel Brooks film
THE 12 CHAIRS

The Small Auditorium
BIN YENEI HA'OOMA
2nd week
FACE TO FACE
Sat. 7.30 & 10
Weekdays 7.0.45
By Ingmar Bergman
Film for the whole family
CINDERELLA
4 p.m.

KFIR Clal Bldg.
2nd week
An Israeli Comedy
Halahaka

Sat. 7.30 9.30
weekdays 4, 7, 9.30

ORGIL Tel. 234176
MARY POPPINS
★ JULIE ANDREWS
★ DICK VAN DYKE
9.15, 6.45

MITCHEL
3rd week
LA VIE DEVANT SOI
★ SIMONE SIGNORET
Weekdays 7, 9
Wed. at 4.00 also

ORION Tel. 222914
THE GAUNTLET
★ CLINT EASTWOOD
★ SANDRA LOCKE

ORNA Tel. 228710
SHATTERED
★ JEAN LOUIS TRINTIGNANT
★ MIREILLE DARC

RON Tel. 234704
7th week
Lemon Popsicle
★ MENAHEM GOLAN
★ YORAM GLOBUS
ADULTS ONLY

SEMADAR
UN HOMME ET UNE FEMME
★ CLAUDE LALOUCH 7, 9.15

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Zürich

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October 15 — April 20, and JULY: from SFr 40; rest of year: SFr. 50, including breakfast.
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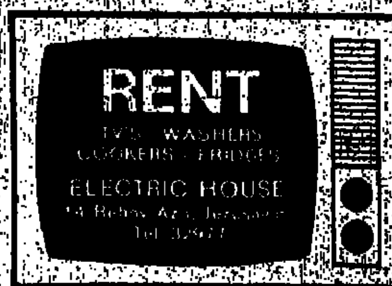

TV/Radio programmes April 14—20

Due to the Israel radio and television strike, the listings on this page are limited to Army radio, Educational and Jordan TV. For further listings of Friday and Saturday's programmes see page 9 of today's paper.

Television

Friday

EDUCATIONAL: 16.00 Programme for kindergarteners 16.30 High-School English
JORDAN TV (unofficial)
(Shows with Asterisks are also on JTV 3):
10.30* Three Stooges. 14.40 The Angels. 15.30* Soccer. 16.00 To be announced. 17.00* Star Soccer. 18.30 The Virginian 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00* News in Arabic. 20.30 Whatever Happened to the Likely Lads. 21.10 The Brothers. 22.00 News in English. 22.15* Marcus Welby. 23.10* The Andros Targets

Saturday

JORDAN TV
(unofficial): 18.00* The Lightening Tree. 19.00* Documentary. 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00* News in Arabic. 20.30 Rhoda. 21.10 The David Nixon Show. 21.30 Saturday Variety Show. 22.00 News in English 22.15 Bronk 23.10 Justice

Sunday

EDUCATIONAL: 15.30 High School English 16.00 Handiwork. 16.15 Our clothes and how they are made. 16.35 Nature: Climate Zones. 17.00 On Target: Quiz
JORDAN TV
(unofficial): 17.40* Cartoons. 18.00 I Dream of Jeannie. 18.30 The Waltons. 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00* News in Arabic. 20.30 The Good Life. 21.10 Quincy 22.00 News in English. 22.15 Feature Film.

Monday

EDUCATIONAL: 15.30 High School English. 16.00 Programme for Kindergarteners. 16.30 Everyman's University
JORDAN TV
(Unofficial): 17.40* Laff a Bits. 17.55 Chorlton and the Wheelies. 18.05 Man from Atlantis. 19.05 Man Builds Man Destroys. 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00* News in Arabic. 20.30 The Rag Trade. 21.10 Madame Bovary. 22.00 News in English 22.15* Baretta.

Tuesday

EDUCATIONAL: 16.00 Programme for kindergarteners 16.25 Thunderbird 16.50 French. 17:05 Parents' workshop
JORDAN TV
(Unofficial): 17.40* Laff a Bits. 17.55 Mumfie. 18.10 Black Beauty, 19.00 Arabic Documentary. 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00* News in Arabic. 20.30 Are You Being Served. 21.10 Washington Behind Closed Doors. 22.00 News in English. 22.15 The Love Boat

Wednesday

EDUCATIONAL: 16.00 Programme for kindergarteners 16.30 Everyman's University
JORDAN TV
(unofficial): 17.40 Laff a Bits. 17.50 Cartoons. 18.00* The Partridge Family. 19.00* Tabitha. 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00* News in Arabic. 20.30 Dad's Army. 21.10 The Duchess of Duke Street. 22.00 News in English. 22.15* Fall of Eagles.

Thursday

EDUCATIONAL: 16.00 Programme for kindergarteners. 16.10 Pessah songs. 16.30 Personalities: composer Aron Copland
JORDAN TV
(unofficial): 17.45* Cartoon. 18.05* Little House on the Prairie. 19.00 Documentary. 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00* News in Arabic. 20.30 Tony Randall Show. 21.00 The Amazing Howard Hughes. 22.00 News in English 22.15* Movie of the Week

Army Radio

Friday

9.05 Morning Party — Music: "Red Line" — Listeners may call 03-822292 the moment something newsworthy happens
12.05 On drivers and traffic: reports from police positions, features on transportation, quizzes, information on tours of the country
14.30 Golden oldies
16.05 Between the Lines — Yoel Esteron presents the weekly news magazine, commentary, interview with a prominent figure in the news
18.05 Magazine on culture, entertainment and art
19.05 Songs
20.05 Light classical music
21.05 Songs
22.05 Special Requests
23.05 Dance records with Gadi Livneh
02. 05 Blues

Saturday

8.05 Songs, comedy skits
9.05 The Happy Choir — songs and stories for children
10.05 Hebrew songs
11.05 Jacques Prevert — his life and songs
12.05 The Third Person — a panel tries to guess which of three guests is the person they all claim to be
13.05 Personal Questions — Ya'acov Agmon interviews Michael Dalkseli (Herut)
14.05 Record of the Week
15.05 Golden Oldies
16.30 "5708" — Recordings of the events of 30 years ago
18.05 Sports magazine
19.05 On Men, Women, Fertility and Sterility. Part six of the series (repeat)
20.05 Special requests with actor Rafi Tavor
21.05 On Jewish tradition
22.05 Progressive music.
23.45 Midnight newsreel
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat

Sunday

6.30 University on the Air — Prof. Yeshayahu Leibowitz lectures on genetics
7.07 On drivers and traffic: reports from police positions; features on transportation, quizzes, information on tours of the country
8.00 Morning newsreel
9.05 Morning Party — Music; "Red Line" — Listeners may call 03-822292 the moment something newsworthy happens
12.05 Songs, regards
12.45 Fifteen Minutes — a brief survey of current events in Israel and around the world
14.05 Sports magazine
15.30 Needle in a record stack - new record acquisitions
17.00 Newsreel
18.05 Magazine on man and his environment
18.35 Meet the Elected — Zeev Segal interviews Imri Ron, M.K. (Mapam)
19.05 Songs
19.50 "5708" — recordings of 30 years ago
20.05 Weekly Concert
21.05 Tonight's star — Bob Dylan
21.30 University on the Air (repeat)
22.05 Cases in History: The Beilis Trial
23.05 Stage and Screen — songs from musicals
23.45 Midnight newsreel
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat

Monday

6.30 University on the Air — Prof. Itamar Rabinowitz lectures on "Arab countries in modern times".
8.00 Morning newsreel
9.05 Morning Party — Music; "Red Line" — Listeners may call 03-822292 the moment something newsworthy happens
12.05 Songs, regards
12.45 Fifteen Minutes — a brief survey of current events in Israel and around the world
13.05 Songs
13.30 "5708" Recordings of the events of 30 years ago
14.05 Monday Noontime
17.00 Newsreel
17.45 Sports magazine
18.05 Bi-weekly magazine on Middle East affairs
19.05 Members of IDF entertainment troupes talk about their work on and off stage
19.50 "5708" Recordings of 30 years ago
20.05 Progressive music
20.55 "Headline" — international news with Yosef Lapid
21.05 Folk songs
21.30 University on the Air (repeat)
22.05 Classical music
23.45 Midnight newsreel
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat

Tuesday

6.30 University on the Air — Dr. Yehuda Fried lectures on psychopathology
8.00 Morning newsreel
9.05 Morning Party — Music; "Red Line" — Listeners may call 03-822292 the moment something newsworthy happens
12.05 Songs, regards
12.45 Fifteen Minutes — a brief survey of current events in Israel and around the world
13.05 Hebrew songs
13.30 "5708" — 30 years ago today — live recording
14.05 Tuesday Noontime
16.05 Mike Burstyn presents a selection of his songs
17.00 Newsreel
17.45 Sports magazine
18.05 Press conference — with Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan
19.05 Bestsellers — three new children's books
19.50 "5708" (repeat)
20.05 Progressive music
20.55 Lesson in spoken Arabic
21.05 Tonight's Star — Michal Tal
21.30 University on the Air — psychopathology (repeat)
22.05 Tonight — interviews, debates, music
23.45 Midnight newsreel
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat
02.04 An hour of jazz

Wednesday

6.30 University on the Air — Prof. Michael Heragor lectures on the Renaissance period
8.00 Morning newsreel
9.05 Morning Party — Music; "Red Line" — Listeners may call 03-822292 the moment something newsworthy happens
12.05 Songs, regards
12.45 Fifteen Minutes -- a brief survey of current events in Israel and around the world
13.05 Songs
13.30 "5708" -- 30 years ago — live recording
14.05 Foreign language hit parade
17.05 Newsreel
17.45 Sports magazine
18.05 "Controversy" -- Discussion on controversial topics, moderated by Yosef Lapid
19.05 Deputy Prime Minister, Yigael Yadin, answers soldiers' questions
20.05 Juke Box
21.05 Stage and Screen -- songs from musicals
22.05 Tender is the night -- music
23.05 Let's Talk -- Nathan Dunevich tries to solve listeners' problems
23.45 Midnight newsreel
01.05 Night Birds -- songs, chat

Thursday

6.30 University on the Air — Prof. Amos Shapira and Dr. Baruch Bracha lecture on the "Fundamentals of Public Law in Israel"
7.07 "707" — Alex Anski presents selections of music and items from the morning newspapers
8.00 Morning newsreel
9.05 Morning Party — Music, news flashes. "Red Line" — Listeners may call 03-822292 the moment something newsworthy happens
12.05 Songs
12.45 Fifteen Minutes — a brief survey of current events in Israel and around the world
13.05 Hebrew songs
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14.05 Hebrew hit parade
17.00 Newsreel
17.45 Sports magazine
18.05 Weekly magazine on economics
18:57 Programme announcements
19.05 Magazine on culture and entertainment
19.50 "5708" (repeat)
21.05 Tonight's Star — The Beach Boys
22.05 Songs
23.05 Psychologists and psychiatrists answer listeners' questions
23.45 Midnight newsreel
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat with Pnina Bat Zvi

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TV/Radio programmes

April 14 — 20

Due to the Israel radio and television strike, the listings on this page are limited to Army radio, Educational and Jordan TV. For further listings of Friday and Saturday's programmes see page 9 of today's paper.

Television

Friday

EDUCATIONAL: 16.00 Programme for kindergartners 16.30 High-School English
JORDAN TV (unofficial)
(Shows with Asterisks are also on JTV 3):
16.30* Three Stooges. 14.40 The Angels. 16.30* Soccer. 16.00 To be announced. 17.00* Star Soccer. 18.30 The Virginian 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00* News in Arabic. 20.30 Whatever Happened to the Likely Lads. 21.10 The Brothers. 22.00 News in English. 22.15* Marcus Welby. 23.10* The Andros Targets

Saturday

JORDAN TV
(unofficial): 16.00* The Lightening Tree. 16.00* Documentary. 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00* News in Arabic. 20.30 Rhoda. 21.10 The David Nixon Show. 21.30 Saturday Variety Show. 22.00 News in English 22.15 Bronk 23.10 Justice

Sunday

EDUCATIONAL: 15.30 High School English 16.00 Handiwork. 16.15 Our clothes and how they are made. 16.35 Nature: Climate Zones. 17.00 On Target: Quiz
JORDAN TV
(unofficial): 17.40* Cartoons. 18.00 I Dream of Jeannie. 18.30 The Waltons. 19.30-News in Hebrew. 20.00* News in Arabic. 20.30 The Good Life. 21.10 Quincy 22.00 News in English. 22.15 Feature Film.

Monday

EDUCATIONAL: 15.30 High School English. 16.00 Programme for Kindergarteners. 16.30 Everyman's University
JORDAN TV
(Unofficial): 17.40* Laff a Bits. 17.55 Chorlton and the Wheelies. 18.05 Man from Atlantis. 19.05 Man Builds Man Destroys. 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00* News in Arabic. 20.30 The Rag Trade. 21.10 Madame Bovary. 22.00 News in English 22.15* Baretta.

Tuesday

EDUCATIONAL: 16.00 Programme for kindergarteners 16.25 Thunderbird 16.50 French. 17.05 Parents' workshop
JORDAN TV
(Unofficial): 17.40* Laff a Bits. 17.55 Mumfie. 18.10 Black Beauty. 19.00 Arabic Documentary. 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00* News in Arabic. 20.30 Are You Being Served. 21.10 Washington Behind Closed Doors. 22.00 News in English. 22.15 The Loya Boat

Wednesday

EDUCATIONAL: 16.00 Programme for kindergarteners 16.30 Everyman's University
JORDAN TV
(unofficial): 17.40 Laff a Bits. 17.50 Cartoons. 18.00* The Partridge Family. 19.00* Tabitha. 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00* News in Arabic. 20.30 Dad's Army. 21.10 The Duchess of Duke Street. 22.00 News in English. 22.15* Fall of Eagles.

Thursday

EDUCATIONAL: 16.00 Programme for kindergarteners. 16.10 Passah songs. 16.30 Personalities: composer Aron Copland
JORDAN TV
(unofficial): 17.40* Cartoon. 18.05* Little House on the Prairie. 19.00 Documentary. 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00* News in Arabic. 20.30 Tony Randall Show. 21.00 The Amazing Howard Hughes. 22.00 News in English 22.15* Movie of the Week

Army Radio

Friday

9.05 Morning Party — Music; "Red Line" — Listeners may call 03-822292 the moment something newsworthy happens
12.05 On drivers and traffic: reports from police positions, features on transportation, quizzes, information on tours of the country
14.30 Golden oldies
15.05 Between the Lines — Yoel Esteron presents the weekly news magazine, commentary, interview with a prominent figure in the news
18.05 Magazine on culture, entertainment and art
19.05 Songs
20.05 Light classical music
21.05 Songs
22.05 Special Requests
23.05 Dance records with Gadi Livneh
02. 05 Blues

Saturday

8.05 Songs, comedy skits
9.05 The Happy Choir — songs and stories for children
10.05 Hebrew songs
11.05 Jacques Prevert — his life and songs
12.05 The Third Person — a panel tries to guess which of three guests is the person they all claim to be
13.05 Personal Questions — Ya'acov Agmon interviews Michael Dalkseli (Herut)
14.05 Record of the Week
15.05 Golden Oldies
16.30 "5708" — Recordings of the events of 30 years ago
18.05 Sports magazine
19.05 On Men, Women, Fertility and Sterility. Part six of the series (repeat)
20.05 Special requests with actor Rafi Tavor
21.05 On Jewish tradition
22.05 Progressive music.
23.45 Midnight newsreel
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat

Sunday

6.30 University on the Air — Prof. Yeshayahu Leibowits lectures on genetics
7.07 On drivers and traffic: reports from police positions; features on transportation, quizzes, information on tours of the country
8.00 Morning newsreel
9.05 Morning Party — Music; "Red Line" — Listeners may call 03-822292 the moment something newsworthy happens
12.05 Songs, regards
12.45 Fifteen Minutes — a brief survey of current events in Israel and around the world
14.05 Sports magazine
15.30 Needle in a record stack — new record acquisitions
17.00 Newsreel
18.05 Magazine on man and his environment
18.35 Meet the Elected — Zeev Segal interviews Imri Ron, M.K. (Mapam)
19.05 Songs
19.50 "5708" — recordings of 30 years ago
20.05 Weekly Concert
21.05 Tonight's star — Bob Dylan
21.30 University on the Air (repeat)
22.05 Cases in History: The Bellis Trial
22.05 Stage and Screen — songs from musicals
23.45 Midnight newsreel
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat

Monday

6.30 University on the Air — Prof. Itamar Rabinowitz lectures on "Arab countries in modern times"
8.00 Morning newsreel
9.05 Morning Party — Music; "Red Line" — Listeners may call 03-822292 the moment something newsworthy happens
12.05 Songs, regards
12.45 Fifteen Minutes — a brief survey of current events in Israel and around the world
13.05 Songs
15.30 "5708" Recordings of the events of 30 years ago
14.05 Monday Noontime
17.00 Newsreel
17.45 Sports magazine
18.05 Bi-weekly magazine on Middle East affairs
19.05 Members of IDF entertainment troupes talk about their work on and off stage
19.50 "5708" Recordings of 30 years ago
20.05 Progressive music
20.55 "Headline" — international news with Yosef Lapid
21.05 Folk songs
21.30 University on the Air (repeat)
22.05 Classical music
23.45 Midnight newsreel
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat

Tuesday

6.30 University on the Air — Dr. Yehuda Freed lectures on psychopathology
8.00 Morning newsreel
9.05 Morning Party — Music; "Red Line" — Listeners may call 03-822292 the moment something newsworthy happens
12.05 Songs, regards
12.45 Fifteen Minutes — a brief survey of current events in Israel and around the world
13.05 Hebrew songs
13.30 "5708" — 30 years ago today — live recording
14.05 Tuesday Noontime
16.05 Mike Buratyn presents a selection of his songs
17.00 Newsreel
17.45 Sports magazine
18.05 Press conference — with Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan
19.05 Bestsellers — three new children's books
19.50 "5708" (repeat)
20.05 Progressive music
20.55 Lesson in spoken Arabic
21.05 Tonight's Star — Michal Tal
21.30 University on the Air — psychopathology (repeat)
22.05 Tonight — interviews, debates, music
23.45 Midnight newsreel
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat
02.04 An hour of jazz

Wednesday

6.30 University on the Air — Prof. Michael Heragor lectures on the Renaissance period
8.00 Morning newsreel
9.05 Morning Party — Music; "Red Line" — Listeners may call 03-822292 the moment something newsworthy happens
12.05 Songs, regards
12.45 Fifteen Minutes — a brief survey of current events in Israel and around the world
13.05 Songs
13.30 "5708" -- 30 years ago — live recording
14.05 Foreign language hit parade
17.05 Newsreel
17.45 Sports magazine
18.05 "Controversy" -- Discussion on controversial topics, moderated by Yosef Lapid
19.05 Deputy Prime Minister, Yigael Yadin, answers soldiers' questions
20.05 Juke Box
21.05 Stage and Screen -- songs from musicals
22.05 Tender is the night — music
23.05 Let's Talk -- Nathan Dunevich tries to solve listeners' problems
23.45 Midnight newsreel
01.05 Night Birds — songs, chat

Thursday

6.30 University on the Air — Prof. Amos Shapira and Dr. Baruch Brecha lecture on the "Fundamentals of Public Law in Israel"
7.07 "707" — Alex Anski presents selections of music and items from the morning newspapers
8.00 Morning newsreel
9.05 Morning Party — Music, news flashes, "Red Line" — Listeners may call 03-822292 the moment something newsworthy happens
12.05 Songs
12.45 Fifteen Minutes — a brief survey of current events in Israel and around the world
13.05 Hebrew songs
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23.05 Psychologists and psychiatrists answer listeners' questions
23.45 Midnight newsreel
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat with Prima Bat Zvi

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WHAT'S ON

Notices are accepted for this column at the rate IL22 per line plus VAT: publication daily over a period of a month costs IL350 per line plus VAT. Ads are accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and at all recognized advertising agencies.

Plant a Tree in Israel with Your Own Hands: tours for planters to the Hills of Judea leave every Monday and Wednesday from Jerusalem and every Tuesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call Visitors' Department: Keren Kayemet LeIsrael (Jewish National Fund); in Jerusalem, King George Ave., corner Rehov Keren Kayemet. Tel. 02-35261. In Tel Aviv, 96 Rehov Hayarkon, opp. Dan Hotel. Tel. 03-234449.

Jerusalem

CONDUCTED TOURS

Tourists and Visitors come and see the **General Israel Orphans Home for Girls, Jerusalem**, and its manifold activities and impressively modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 10-4. Bus No. 6 Kiryat Moshe. Tel. 523291.

Hebrew University, tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Givat Ram Campus. Mount Scopus tours 11.30 a.m. from the Martin Buber Building. Buses 9 and 28, School of Education bus stop. Further details: Tel. 35430.

Hadassah Tours
1. Medical Centre. Tours in English at 9, 10, 11 a.m. and 12 noon, leaving from the Kennedy Building. Tour includes Chagall windows. No charge. Buses 19 and 27.
2. Mt. Scopus Hospital: Tours from 8.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. No charge. Buses 9 and 28. Tel. 818111.
3. Morning half-day tour of all Hadassah projects, $4 per person towards transportation. By reservation only: Tel. 416333.

Emunah — National Religious Women's Organisation, Tourist Centre, 26 Rehov Ben Maimon. Tel. 02-62468, 30620, 811588.
American Mizrachi Women. Free Morning Tours — 19a Keren Hayesod Street, Jerusalem. Tel. 232758.

GALLERIES
Gallery Gimel: "Faridah" exhibits her recent oil paintings, 17 Shlomzion Hamalka. Tel. 02-227636.

SHOWS
A Stone in David's Tower. Sound and Light show in English; every evening (except Friday and festival eves) at 8.45 p.m. at the Citadel near the Jaffa Gate. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday also at 10 p.m. in English. Sunday and Thursday at 10 p.m. in French. Tickets at the entrance. Please come warmly dressed.

MISCELLANEOUS
Jerusalem Biblical Zoo, Schneller Wood, Romema. Tel. 814822, 7.30 a.m. — 7 p.m.

Tel Aviv

CONDUCTED TOURS
Emunah — National Religious Women's Organisation: "Kastel," 166 Rehov Ibn Gabirol. Tel. 440316, 788942.

Canadian Hadassah-Wizo Office, 116 Rehov Hayarkon. Tel. 227060, 8 a.m.-2 p.m.
Pioneer Women — Na'amat. Free morning tours, Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, by appointment. Call Tel. 256096, Tel Aviv.
ORT Israel: For visits please contact: ORT Tel Aviv, Tel. 233231, 762291-2; ORT Jerusalem, Tel. 533141; ORT Netanya, Tel. 33744.
American Mizrachi Women. Guest Tours — Tel Aviv — Tel. 220187, 243106.
Tel Aviv University escorted tours. For appointment, call Guest Section, (03)420741 10-12 a.m.

Haifa

V.I.P. Singles Social April 15. 8 p.m., guitar recital, 9 p.m., dancing, refreshments. Moadon Goldbloom, 124 Hanassi. Auspices AACI. April 22 and April 29 no programme.

Herzliya

Duo Kalpanenn flutes, recorders from the Renaissance Baroque periods. Beit Yad Lebanim, Herzliya, April 15, 8.30 p.m.

Rehovot

Weizmann Institute of Science and Weizmann House. Conducted tours start at 9, 10, 11 a.m., 12 noon, 2 and 3 p.m. Fridays and holiday eves, last tour at 12 noon. Nominal fee for admission to Weizmann House. Closed Saturdays and holidays. Please book: Tel. 054-83280, 054-83328.

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Israel Theatres

The Cameri Theatre
MONSIEUR GOES HUNTING Apr. 15, 16
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH JENNY? Auditorium, Haifa Apr. 15, 16
ALL MY SONS Apr. 17, 25
MAN IS MAN Apr. 15, Kiryat Haim; Nahmani Hall, Apr. 16

Habima
HIS FRIEND AT COURT Apr. 15, 16, 17; Haifa — Apr. 18
DEEP WATERS Apr. 15, 16, 17, 18
OEDIPUS REX Beit Kessef, Apr. 16; Yehud, Apr. 17

Beer-Sheva Municipal Theatre
ROMEO AND JULIET Apr. 15, 16
ANDORRA Apr. 16, Dimona; Apr. 17, Eilat
MURDER OF PIERROT Apr. 18, Mitzpe Ramon
HAROLD AND MAUDE Apr. 25, Beer-Sheva

balkin adv.

ART GUIDE

Notices are accepted for this column at the rate IL22 per line plus VAT: publication every Friday over a period of a month costs IL66 per line plus VAT. Ads are accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and at all recognized advertising agencies.

Jerusalem

MUSEUMS
Israel Museum — Exhibitions: Arnold Newman — portrait photographs, from Tues, April 18, Anna Ticho — fifty years of drama/wings. Gliksberg — his Jerusalem period. Arie Navon: caricatures, illustrations. From the collection of Dr. Moshe Spitzer, Jerusalem. Ettore Sottsass Jr. — from the product to the product's end. Starting a collection. What is a self-portrait? Miniatures of vehicles from the Tibor Reich Collection, England (Paley Centre, next to the Rockefeller Museum.)

Visiting hours: Israel Museum: Sun. Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tue. 4-10 p.m.; Fri. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. **Shrine of the Book, Billy Rose Art Garden:** Sun., Mon., Wed., Thur. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Tue. 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Fri. and Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. **Rockefeller Museum:** Sun. — Thur. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Fri., Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Tickets for Sat. and holidays must be purchased in advance at the Museum, Cahana or major Jerusalem hotels; in Tel Aviv at Rococo, Hadran and Kastel. **Free guided tours in English,** Sun., Wed., 11.00 a.m., Tues. 4.30 p.m., from upper entrance hall.

GALLERIES
Galerie Vision Nouvelle, Khutzot Hayotzer, Y.S. Hamiache. Original prints. Tel. 02-819864, 280081.

Tel Aviv

MUSEUMS
Tel Aviv Museum, 27 Sderot Shaul Hamelech. Exhibitions: Pinchas Cohen Gan; Egypt — First Encounter, Israeli photo-journalism. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion, 6 Rehov Tarsat, Israel Art: New Works from the Museum's Collection.
Visiting hours: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thur. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. (Library 10 a.m.-4 p.m.); Tue. 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; 4-10 p.m. (Library 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; 4-7 p.m.); Fri. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. (Library 10 a.m.-1 p.m.); Sat. 7-11 p.m.

New Museum building open Sat. 10 a.m.-1 p.m. *free.*
Ha'aretz Museum Tel Aviv
1) **Museum Centre, Ramat Aviv:** Glass Museum; Ceramics Museum; Museum of Science and Technology; Museum of Ethnography and Folklore (Judaica); Alphabet Museum; Nechushtan Pavilion — Timna Excavations; Tel Quasile Excavations; Museum Library; Lasky Planetarium (Demonstrations daily, at 9, 10, 11, 12 p.m. Tuesdays also at 7.15 p.m. Sat. at 10.30, 11.30 a.m. and 12.30 p.m.).
2) **Museum of Antiquities of Tel Aviv-Yafo** (10 Rehov Mifratz Shlomo, Yafo)
3) **Museum of the History of Tel Aviv-Yafo** (27 Rehov Bialik)
4) **The Israel Theatre Museum** (3 Rehov Melchett)
All Museums open: Sun.-Thurs. 9 a.m.-4 p.m. (except Museum of History of Tel Aviv till 3 p.m.), Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. On Saturdays admission free except Planetarium. **The Israel Theatre Museum:** Sun.-Thurs. 9 a.m.-2 p.m. Library: Sun.-Thurs. 9 a.m.-3 p.m., Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.
The Israeli Wax Museum exhibits the most stirring moments of the rebirth of Israel in the past 100 years.
The Shalom Observatory — A breathtaking view from 400 feet up.
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ROSS Exhibition of cartoons and drawings 1932-1978. Daily 8.00 a.m. — 2.00 p.m., until April 30. Municipality building.

Haifa

The Place, 10 Heinrich Heine St. Apr. 8-20: Hena Evyatar exhibition — transparencies and sculpture.

Other Centres

Shohar Gallery, Beit Herut, coast road, 7 km. north of Netanya. JAFFA PERLMAN exhibits oils and dreawings. Newest serigraphs by GUTMAN and TAGGER. Open daily, 8 a.m. — 7 p.m., Tel. 053-96909.

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Siam-patico

BILL OF FARE

AS ONE who thought he knew every restaurant in the capital, if only by sight or reputation, I was surprised when a friend introduced me to Siam, in East Jerusalem.

The restaurant is located in a small alleyway off Ibn Sina Street, near the East Jerusalem post office. The sign outside is helpful, as the entrance looks far more like a butcher shop than an eating place. Meat hooks and a spotless counter provide the main motif.

In the back, however, is a large room with tables and a door through which one can hear the continuous click of a dozen backgammon games in the adjacent courtyard.

We began our meal with a selection of first courses, including the inevitable houmus, a parsley and tehina salad, a tomato, cucumber and tehina salad and *labane,* the milk product that bridges yoghurt and cheese. All of these were good, and what was especially pleasant and novel was a large whiskey bottle filled with green olive oil for us to pour on the vegetables as we saw fit.

We were still enjoying our first courses when the proprietor brought the main course, a large platter with a mixed grill, including lamb chops, shishlik, kebab and even a few pieces of grilled kidney. In contrast to many of the eating places we have tried, here the meat was very tender and one could enjoy the shishlik and chops just as much as the very well seasoned kebab.

ACCOMPANYING the meat were grilled whole onions and small tomatoes, providing a pleasant touch.

There was no dessert offered, nor did we wish for any after having gluttonously devoured everything put before us. Had we eaten a bit less, a piece of fresh fruit might have been nice.

When we ordered coffee, we were pleasantly surprised to find the proprietor old-fashioned enough to ask how sweet we wanted it. On the other hand, we did have to ask for cold water when the coffee arrived.

The bill, including two bottles of local beer, came to IL230.□*H.L.S.*

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14.4, 14.00	il bel antonio — mauro bolognini	
15.4, 19.00	play it again sam — woody allen	
21.30	slaughterhouse 5 — george roy hill	
16.4, 19.00	avant-garde: len lye, a.v. barsy	
21.30	la notte brava — mauro bolognini	
17.4, 19.00	l'age d'or, un chien andalou — bunuel	
21.30	la planete sauvage — rene laloux, topor	
19.4 19.00	avant-garde— man ray, maclaren	
20.30	closed evening.	

Screenings: Beit Agron, 37 Rehov Hillel

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•Haifa, 22 Herzl st., Tel. 645403/4
126 Hanassi ave., Tel. 82277
•Jerusalem, 8 Shamai st., Tel 224624
•Netanya, 4 Herzl st. Tel. 22947
•Beer Sheba, 31 Herzl st. Tel. 73308

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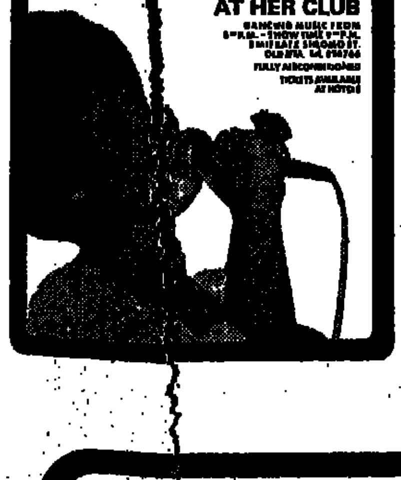

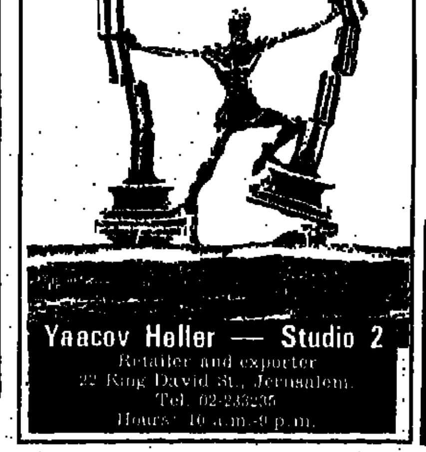

Under the auspices of the Foreign Ministries of Israel and France
Joseph Russillo Ballet Theatre
Requiem, Maledictions and Lights
"Russillo gives Requiem strange dimensions — the great reaches its apogee" (Vision sur les Arts, July, 1976)
Memories for Tomorrow
"A work of creation oriented towards the world of the unconscious, perception and dream" (Le Monde, Jan. 1975)
4 Performances only:
Jerusalem:
Jerusalem Theatre, April 22
5 p.m.: Requiem, Maledictions and Lights
9 p.m.: Memories for Tomorrow
Ein Gev Festival
April 25, 9 p.m.
Memories for Tomorrow
Kfar Sava April 24, 8.30 p.m., Heichal Hatarbut
Requiem, Maledictions and Lights
(There will be no performance in Tel Aviv — no hall available.)
Tickets for Kfar Sava performance at the theatre and agencies — Nissan (Kfar Sava), Hamercaz (Herzliya), Rococo and Katros (Tel Aviv).

SPRING IN JERUSALEM

*** THEATRE**

M. Codron Productions (Britain)
In cooperation with the British Embassy.
"The Homecoming" by Harold Pinter, Jerusalem Theatre: 17.4, 18.4.

Pinok et Matho (France)
Mime Theatre, Beit Ha'am: 19.4, 22.4.

The Jerusalem Khan Theatre (Hebrew)
"Rozenkrantz and Gildenstern are dead" by Tom stoppard, Khan Theatre 15.4, 17.4, 18.4, 22.4, 8.5, 18.5.

Inter-action Productions (Britain)
"The Hebrew-Irish Lesson" by W. Mankowitz, Jerusalem Theatre: 1.5, 4.5.

City Theatre Mainz (Germany)
Velvets-Schwarzes Theatre
In cooperation with the German Embassy.
Black Theatre, pantomime, puppets (without words)
"Variations" Jerusalem Theatre: 2.5, 3.5 "Human Comedy," Jerusalem Theatre: 6.5, 7.5.

The Colombaioni Brothers (Italy)
Clowns, traditional Commedia dell'arte, Jerusalem Theatre: 11.5, 14.5.

*** DANCE**

Batsheva Dance Company, with Galina and Valery Panov
Binyenei Ha'ooma: 15.4 Jerusalem Theatre: 22.4.

Ballet Joseph Russillo (France)
"Requiem" de Gabriel Faure, Jerusalem Theatre: 23.4 (afternoon)
"Memoires pour Demain" Jerusalem Theatre: 23.4 (evening).

Nederlands Danstheater (Holland)
Jerusalem Theatre: 20.5.

*** OPERA**

De Nederlandse Opera (Holland)
"Der Kaiser von Atlantis" by Ullmann and Klein with The Beer-Sheva Orchestra, Jerusalem Theatre: 24.4, 29.4.

*** MUSIC**

Paul Badura-Skoda — piano (Austria)
Recital, works by Schubert, Jerusalem Theatre: 19.4.

Anne Haenen — soprano (Holland)
Sara Fuxon-Heyman — piano
Works by Tchaikovsky, Mussorgsky, Poulenc, Khan Theatre: 26.4.

Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra IBA
Choir: Vokalensemble Marburg (Germany)
Conductor: Rolf Beck.
Bach: Magnificat, Cantata no. 191, Mass in A Major.
Jerusalem Theatre: 30.4.

Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra — IBA
Gala Concert. Mstislav Rostropovich — cello, Jerusalem Theatre: 10.5.

Jean Pierre-Rampal — flute (France)
Jonathan Zak — piano
Recital, Jerusalem Theatre: 13.5.

Berlin Philharmonic Octet (Germany)
Works by Beethoven, Schubert. Jerusalem Theatre: 15.5.

*** SPECIAL AFTERNOON SHOWS FOR CHILDREN**
(Performances at 5.00 p.m.)

Pinok et Matho (France)
Mime Theatre, Beit Ha'am: 19.4

Julian Chagrin & Brass Quintet
Funny Mime Comedian & Orchestra, Khan Theatre: 28.4.

City Theatre Mainz
Velvets — Schwarzes Theater
"Variation", Jerusalem Theatre: 2.5, 3.5.

The Colombaioni Brothers (Italy)
Clowns, Traditional Commedia dell'arte, Jerusalem Theatre: 14.5.

★ SPECIAL EVENT

The 30th Anniversary Concert
The Israel Philharmonic Orchestra
Conductor: Zubin Mehta
Soloists: Daniel Barenboim, Leontyne Price, Itzhak Perlman, Mstislav Rostropovich, Isaac Stern.
The Jerusalem Gardens, Mitchell Garden, at the foot of Mount Zion Independence Day, 11.5, at 8.30 p.m.

* **STREET PERFORMANCES** will be presented in Jerusalem during the festival. Please watch for notices.

Tickets: At The Jerusalem Theatre Box Office (Tel. 02-67167) 4-8 p.m. at Cahana's and The Student Union. At Tel-Aviv: Hadran office, 90 Eben-Gavirol St. (Tel. 03-248787) and tickets agencies in Tel-Aviv, Petach-Tiqva, Bat-Yam, Holon, Ramat-Gan & Givatayim.

BEFORE OR AFTER EACH PERFORMANCE THE jerusalem hilton JUDEA LOUNGE

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هكذا من الأصل

The male order

SHOP TALK
Catherine Rosenheimer

IF A RETROSPECTIVE show were held of Israeli men's fashions 30 years ago in the framework of the independence celebrations, the results would be amusing. They would also contain elements which have re-emerged in the most exclusive of Paris *prêt-à-porter* this season.

The Israeli habit of wearing a suit with the shirt collar outside the jacket used to be the accepted dress for a respectable MK. But with modifications, the basic look is back.

So are straight cut, slightly baggy pants, either full length or to the knee — the Parisian answer to what used to be called "Zalman pants."

AND ALL the brightest young members of the Bohemian set are wearing their corduroys, drill pants or jeans with good old-fashioned braces, worn above their shirts or sweaters.

As in women's fashions, we have of course come a long way in styling, fabrics and imagination from 1948, when much of the choice was either standard Ata garments, classic knitwear, or custom-made originals for those with the taste and budget.

Velour jacket by Pierre Dalby.

LOCAL menswear used to lag behind what was available for women. But in the last few years, off-the-peg pants, shirts, jackets and sweaters have improved enormously.

Since the introduction of the New Economic Policy, many of the most fashion conscious men I know, who formerly turned up their noses at anything other than clothes from abroad, have concluded that it is cheaper to dress in locally-made clothes, and that the selection is, in most respects, as good as anywhere else.

About four years ago, Bagir started producing, under licence, Pierre Cardin suits and sportswear for men, managing to capture a good proportion of the market in suits, and offering a good selection even to those who formerly only bought tailor-made suits.

Recently, another leading French menswear outfit, Pierre Dalby, decided to set up a licensee factory in Israel, and the designs are now coming onto the market.

Pierre Dalby describe their fashions as "the liberated look." Apparently there are also men in search of liberation. The styles are "classic casuals" and "innovative casuals," covering a wide range of styles.

There are military style raincoats, wrapover winter overcoats, blouson and safari jackets, blazers (on the new lines — shorter, and fastening with two side-by-side buttons), corduroy battledress suits; tweed jackets with matching caps, and fleece-lined car coats. Just about everything, in fact, bar the classic executive suit.

A large part of the output of the new Pierre Dalby factory is destined for export. But they promise that the very same designs will be available by the end of March in good men's stores and boutiques throughout the country.☐

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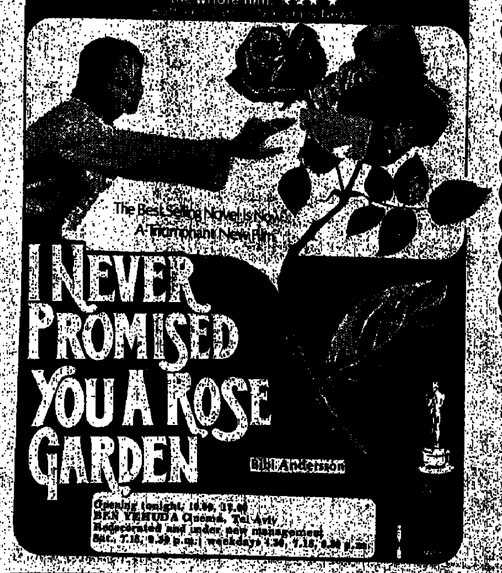

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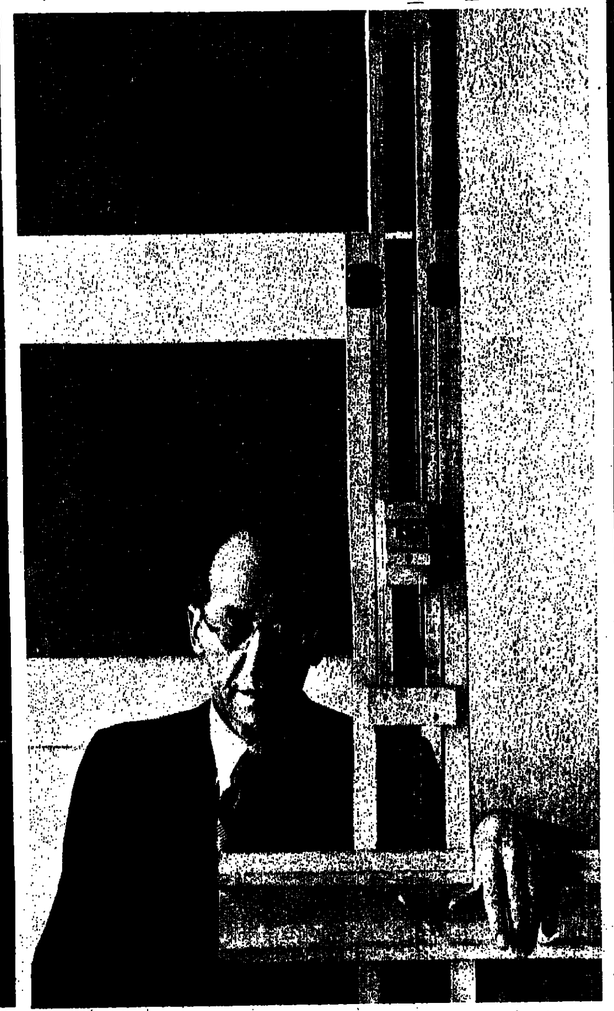
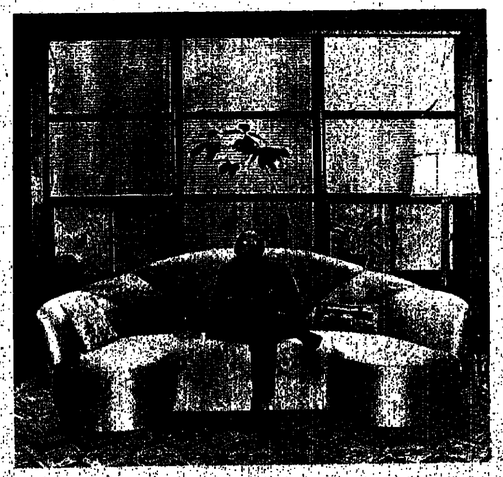


ve, left) *Alfred Krupp, 1963.* (Above, right) *Piet Mondrian, 1942.* (Below, left) *Martha Graham, 1961.* (Below, right) *Henry Geldzahler, 1972.*



The quality of survival

'The truth is that if I had been born in Israel, I do not know if I would have written this book,' admits Lesley Hazleton (right) in the third and final excerpt from her 'Israeli Women: the reality behind the myth.' In it, she calls on her Israeli sisters to 'come out of the shadows and take an active part in shaping their society.'

I have long since lost count of how many times I have driven out of Jerusalem to research this book. But each of those many times, I took the main road out of the city—the four-laned highway that hugs the sides of the Judean Hills as it bends, rises and dips through the mountains to the coastal plain below. The lower part of this road is Shaar Hagai, a deep cut into the foothills which is flanked by monuments. At the top a sculpture of huge steel shards points toward Jerusalem, symbolizing for many the thrust of Israeli forces to break through the Arab siege of the city in the 1948 War of Independence. Along the route lie the wrecks of armored cars that took part in that near-suicidal attempt and were hit by enemy guns perched high on the mountain slopes overlooking the road; they have been painted rust color in anti-rust paint and left by the new roadside.

After that war Shaar Hagai was intensively planted. The stones and thorns of the Judean Hills disappeared under hundreds of thousands of young Jerusalem pines, crowding the steep slopes down to the very verge of the road itself. But that was not to be the end of death in Shaar Hagai.

In 1974 the trees of Shaar Hagai began dying of a mysterious disease that could not be identified. It was a strange death. It took just the Jerusalem pines, not the other trees and bushes that had come to life on the reforested slopes, and it took them from the inside out. While the trunks and inner branches of the pines were gray with death, the outer branches were still green. But each time I drove past, it seemed as if the gray had crept farther along the branches toward the outside; and so it was.

For years, what appeared to be life to the casual passer-by—the mass of verdure greeting the eye as one drove round another bend in the road—was just a mask. It was only on close inspection, on wandering through the forest itself, that one could see the extent of the damage and touch the tragedy that was quietly overtaking the forest.

The tragedy of Shaar Hagai was more than love of nature and the death of a forest. It was the death of a symbol. Trees in Israel symbolize fertility. They represent barrenness conquered, life created where before there had been only rocks, rebirth in a hostile climate, and a people reborn out of the stones and thorns of its past. And so a strange mourning took many of us unawares as we made our way up to or down from Jerusalem and saw the trees dying under the glare of the sun.

I still remember the acute pain I felt when the foresters cut down the first of the dead trees. They had held off for as long as they could, hoping that a solution could be found. But as acre after planted acre gave way to the disease, and expert after expert threw up his hands in helplessness, the decision was finally taken to clear away the affected trees and to replant.

That was in the fall of 1975. The winter rains followed. They were still clearing the forest and had not yet started replanting. And then the spring of 1976 brought a new sight. There where the dead pines had been cut down, fresh green was emerging. The bushes and trees that had been hidden from sight by the pines, exposed for the first time in years to the sunlight, were steadily growing upward through the rocks. There were masses of green among the gray layers of cut pines waiting to be carried down the slopes; the vast undergrowth of the forest was coming into its own under the searchlight of the spring and summer sun.

All this was happening as I was pondering and researching this book, and the new growth gave me comfort. In the death and rebirth of the Shaar Hagai forest I saw a hopeful parallel to the future of Israeli women. As the foresters were chopping through the dead cover of diseased pines to expose the healthy undergrowth beneath, I thought perhaps I could chop a little way through the decadent cover of myths and ideologies by which Israeli women lead their everyday lives, perhaps reach the strength and vitality that lies beneath, ignored and unheeded.

I talked to hundreds of women and went through an often painful rethinking and reappraisal as I wrote this book. I am convinced that a healthy alternative is achievable within, and

even despite, the realities of Israeli society today.

At the beginning of 1977 I began to organize a non-partisan women's list to run for the Jerusalem city council and try to get a block of at least four or five women elected. I approached women from all walks of life—poor women from the *schunot* (Jerusalem's slum and semi-slum neighborhoods), professional women, and rich women from the affluent neighborhoods. Their interest and response led me to believe that this was an idea whose time perhaps had come. I approached and asked to do so, women were apparently ready to start acting in their own interests, to emerge from their cover and enjoy a growing realization that together they could create and exert control over the everyday conditions of their lives.

I had been convinced of the underlying strength and vitality of Israeli women, and this conviction was bolstered by the response. I had always thought of Theodor Herzl's words when he envisaged the creation of a Jewish state: "If you will it, it is no dream"—as an outworn cliché. Now these words suddenly seemed relevant. If the will of Israeli women can be aroused and if they can find conviction in their ability, they can demand and take their equal place in Israeli society.

These are big ifs but vital ones for any change in either men's attitudes toward women or women's attitudes toward themselves. Israel's extreme male orientation and the paternalism of its leadership's view of women make it easy for Israeli men to assume—since little is ever claimed to the contrary—that their life experiences have no relevance to women and that women are determined more by their biology than by their experience. It rarely occurs to an Israeli man that his norms and values affect women as strongly as they affect him, although in a very different direction.

But what is more disturbing is the fact that women have rarely troubled to point out this fact. On Friday night, the Sabbath eve, people all over Israel sit back comfortably after a satisfying meal, sip coffee and crack sunflower seeds, watch television or talk and smoke until everyone runs out of cigarettes and the evening breaks up. I have spent many such evenings deep in discussion of male and female roles, with the men arguing for retention of the traditionally feminine role while the women sat back and generally kept silent. Maybe they would smile knowingly or mysteriously, nod their heads here and there, perhaps glance with fond forgiveness at their male partners for their shortsightedness and egocentricity. But few women would speak their minds in such gatherings. When they did, it was often to agree with the men. And on the rare occasions when it was to disagree, it seemed to me that they regretted their words, that they wanted to avoid opening a Pandora's box of contention and confrontation.

The next day, or the day after, I might speak with them on the telephone or meet them by chance in the street, as happens in Jerusalem, and as happened with Dalia, a social worker, one Sunday.

"You know, you're right," she told me. "It's important what you say, and it's about time it came out."

"But then why didn't you say anything yourself?" I asked in amazement.

She smiled at me indulgently, almost the same smile she had given her husband that Friday night. "Listen, for you it's safe," she said. "You're free of this society, part of it and yet apart from it, an Israeli citizen but not Israeli-born. You can enter or leave this society as you like, stand outside it or come in and participate. You have the option, and we who were born here don't. We have to live with this society for the rest of our lives, like it or not. We don't have your choice, and therefore our stake is greater. We have more to lose, in fact. You, you're in a position where you can take the risk for us."

Of course Dalia is right. I do have the choice. But the very fact of having made that choice and in effect constantly remaking it by living in Israel, makes my commitment to and involvement in the country very deep. It is true, however, that I do not risk the basis on which I build my life by examining the paradoxes and contradictions of women's status in Israeli society.

The truth is that if I had been born in Israel, I do not know if I would have written this book. Sometimes I like to think I would have, but at others I fear that if I had been subjected to the major influences on Israeli women's lives throughout my childhood, I would have been unable to write about them at this stage in Israel's history. My childhood was a very different one. I was never fed the illusion that I was liberated and therefore never had to rationalize my evident nonliberation. I lived in the relative security of post-Second World War England, a country which has been under no physical threat to its survival since the year I was born. And

(Alexandra Don-Ner)

although I was raised under the third major influence that affects Israeli women, Judaism, it remained merely a religion that had nothing to offer me until my arrival in Israel. It was then that I made contact with and started feeling, for the first time, the depths of the Jewish tradition—not just its religion, but its history, its tragedy, its values, and above all its attitudes toward women.

It took many years before I was able to grapple with the triad that governs the lives of Israeli women, the triad of liberation, security and religion. I had to pass through stages of amazement, incomprehension and accusation before I could see the force and dynamics of these influences and achieve even a small degree of dispassionate analysis. It was a hard-won understanding, and one that convinced me that until we women in Israel confront the myth of our liberation, the power of religious tradition, and the effects of our national security/insecurity, we resign ourselves to the roles assigned us by a male-oriented society.

This resignation is a defense mechanism. By persuading ourselves that now is not the time to confront the issues, we avoid the pain of realization. We also surrender the right to be equal citizens. "Resignation is only abdication and flight," Simone de Beauvoir wrote in *The Second Sex*. It is a way to avoid not only confrontation, but also the basic problem of deciding for ourselves the lives we wish to live.

The decision to confront the reality of our lives is no small step. It involves breaking through the web of contradictions that forces us into a superficial femininity and binds us into the myths of nature and womanhood; and it means challenging the norms of a society which, through tragic exigency and traditional sanctity, has raised masculinity to its highest value. The strength of the defender of wife and home, the male honor and machismo of the Middle East and North Africa, the patriarchal nature of Judaism—these manifestations of sexism are strangling Israeli women as surely as our foremothers were stifled into silence in the ghettos of the Diaspora, and as effectively as women were subdued some five thousand years ago, when a desert tribe found a new and different god—a masculine god—and a new land promised them by that god.

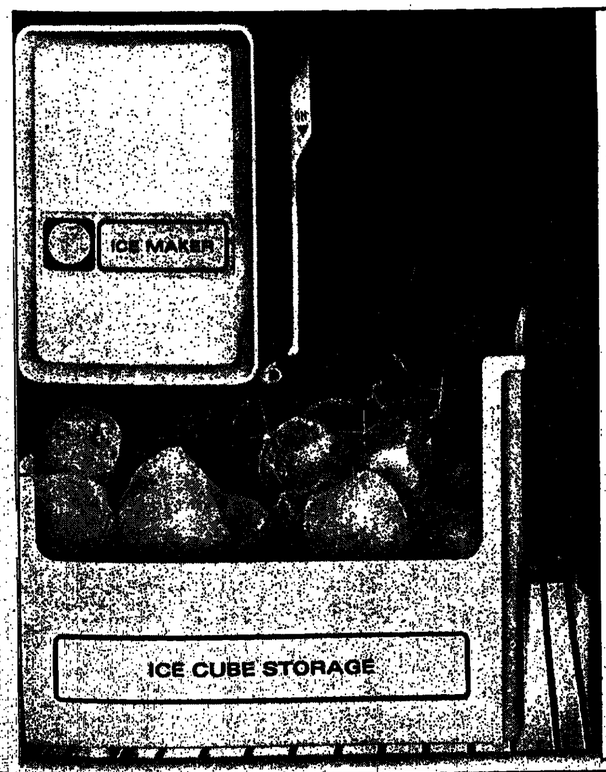
Decision is a painful process for many, one which the majority of us spend our lives avoiding. We persuade ourselves that by not deciding we have in fact made a decision, that we surrender control of our lives of our own free will. We adopt a passive helplessness or a fashionable "openness" by declaring, "That's the way it is, that's life." And we huddle together in the norms of this small, beleaguered country, searching for the consensus that will give us the strength to withstand war after war, the pressures of international politics and financial interests, the bitter experience of seeing lives lost with still no end in sight.

We all treasure the day when there will be peace in the Middle East, and yet I fear it too. I fear that if Israeli women continue to subordinate their identities to the demands of the national security situation, their reaction when that situation is finally solved will be, "My God, is this it? Is this all? Was it really worth it?" The issue is not only survival; it is the quality of survival. For women pay the price of security no less than men: while men lose their lives, women lose their identities.

If war would solve the security situation, it might, as one of the characters in the documentary play *Women in War* says, be worth it: "If we could only know that these small children would have it easier, that they won't have to go through it all again . . ." But we cannot know. And the question thus becomes: How long are we willing to wait? For how long will Israeli women submerge their identities in the single identity imposed by a society at war or anticipating war? And for how long are we willing to postpone the question of the quality of our lives both now and in an eventual peace?

Life beyond biology, beyond the fluttering of a heartbeat or the register of brain waves on graph paper, is what justifies biological existence. Survival alone is not enough; we must start work on the quality of our survival right now. It is time for Israeli women to come out of the shadows and take an active part in shaping their society. I believe that more and more Israeli women are beginning to realize this. For just as the sheer vitality of the Shaar Hagai undergrowth kept it growing all those years beneath the dying pines, so too Israeli women have retained their energy and vitality—and now, perhaps, will be ready to use it.

From "Israeli Women: the Reality Behind the Myths" by Lesley Hazleton. New York, Simon and Schuster. 235 pp. $10. A Hebrew version is being published by Edanim. Ms. Hazleton has lived in Israel since 1966. She has worked as a reporter and a free-lance writer. She has also taught psychology at the Bezalel Academy of Arts and Design.



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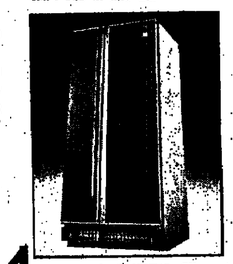

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Jews & genitals

HELGA DUDMAN has some thoughts on reading a book she is certain will be a best-seller in America.

IN DISCUSSING the anthropological malaise and occasional *pfuia* of the old-new virgin mother nervously waiting to be fertilized by her homecoming Zionist boys, we noted that the Hebrew for "fertilized" comes perilously close to *petrosilia* (when it really ought to be *nets-halav*, or "falcon-milk," which is simply too upsetting to get involved with here).

Symbolically, however, it helps us understand, especially in the genitive case, the painterly texture and structurally awful role of the Hebrew housewife, trapped in her world of tomatoes (Hebrew: *agvania*, which is closely associated, though not often in public, with the root for "lust." Did you know that? It's true, imagine.) And carrots. (Hebrew *gezer*, which if you change just one letter become *gever*, which is short for *geveret*. But Zionism in the Holy Land is another kettle of fish. In Hebrew it is *Zion-newt*, the shtetl-oriented suffix being the apotheosis of the "small-tailed amphibian," and everybody knows how bereft they feel in personal relationships. They also score low on sex typing (managing only 20 words a minute, and lots of errors, according to a specialist in sex typing).

Zayin, which you don't use in "Zionism" at all, also means "sabre" or "weapon." Well, what did you expect in this sex-mad language? In its printed form it has a little thing on the top; it is best to explain this to children as soon as their curiosity is aroused. In its written form, we have an open-ended, womb-like bottom, and then this slanty bustless top.

Tsadi, on the other hand, deeply entrenched in the Hebrew *Zionut*, symbolizes a more self-reliant apotheosis. In its Socialist, or printed form, *Tsadi* has an inescapably crotch-like thing in the middle, and a little tail on the ground pointing left. Yet — oh, the horror and unfairness of it all — when it is at the end of the word (end, finish, climax, metabiological leap) *the tail goes straight down*. The effect of this on children and young dogs cannot be overestimated.

In its written form, adorably androgynous old Tsadi, deeply secular yet also cynically entrenched, is like the female bosom on its side. Now, what kind of a patriarch would think up that one?

Zayin is, of course, pronounced as in the German *sein (oder nicht sein;* cf. Freud — Hebrew: prude). It means "hunting spear," indicating the identity problems and dirty minds of our forefathers.

CONSIDER the prickly exterior and frank, no-nonsense attitude toward inflation of the letter L. It stands for "30" (Aramaic for middle-aged, curvaceous) and originally meant a "goading stick for driving cattle" (cf. *La Med*, a cheap fantasy about a girl doctor).

The letter appears in modern Hebrew literature with tragic frequency. No wonder we have so much inflation! Because it is a dopey masculine invention, or "thrust," or "posture," in which the male inflates his usually tiny chest and beats on it, displaying his colourful plumage to the incredibly bored female, who is thinking about the laundry. Sometimes he will bring her pebbles, too, a pathetic *galut* habit, though not inflationary. Emotionally, this helps bridge the gap between the Jews and the genitals.

Next week we will discuss the degrading influence of the "Weak Vav Consecutive" on hen-pecked male readers. (The "Vav Consecutive" is weak when it does not influence the verb and meekly does the dishes.) If there is time, we will also take up the libidinously doomed relationship, during the Grabski Immigration, of Huphal, Hiphil, and Cottontail. (See *Tsemer-Geffenschwanz et al* for the original dirty, or children's version.)

The week after, we shall discuss Moshe Dayan's tearful blubbering in Bucharest. Such undisciplined behaviour in the face of all those fascinating, self-perpetuating, frequently published, totally erroneous cliches! □

Tours of the Weizmann Institute of Science and The Weizmann House, Rehovot

You are invited to participate in a tour of the WEIZMANN INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE and the newly opened WEIZMANN HOUSE, residence of Dr. Chaim Weizmann, First President of the State of Israel.
Such tours, lasting approximately 1½ hours, take place at the following times: 9:00, 10:00, 11:00, 12 noon, 14:00, 15:00. On Friday and the eve of holidays the last tour will begin at 12 noon.
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The law is a ass

MR. PRONE, A Week in the Life of an Ignorant Man by C.H. Rolph. Oxford University Press, 166 pp. £2.95.

Wim van Leer

IN THE BEGINNING, observance of ten basic rules of conduct engraved on two stone tablets was all that was needed to belong to the human club. The punishment for transgression was the Wrath of the Lord and, for some the fear of condemnation to the sulphurous pit and an eternity of continual combustion. Obeisance to the sixth commandment even carried a small, but not insignificant, bonus.

When man, given a delightful incentive, for once did as he was told — was fruitful and multiplied — his social order grew more complex and the ten basic rules were extended until they filled whole libraries and their knowledge, interpretation, application and enforcement became a huge, respectable, as well as exceedingly lucrative, profession, known as "The Law."

However, formulation, administration and punishment were taken out of Divine jurisdiction and placed in the hands of a bureaucracy so named after the only tool of its trade, the *bureau* (desk). It was a profession which could be filled with a minimum of education, carried virtually no responsibility and was, with some justification, hopelessly underpaid considering the national average, and grossly overpaid considering its effective contribution to society. It was an ideal occupation for those bereft of initiative, imagination or even common sense, and for this reason rules had to be spelled out in the minutest detail. For instance, when "The Law" required a printed notice to be displayed, the size, lettertype, colour, location, height from the ground, illumination, had to be prescribed precisely. But, whereas each bureaucrat had to memorise, if not understand, all the rules of *his* little realm, the ordinary citizen had to know *all* the rules of *all* the little realms, for *ignorantia juris non excusat*. The fact that even lawyers did not know all the rules without reference to book-lined shelves, was conveniently ignored.

C.H. ROLPH, in 25 years of service, rose to be a Chief Inspector in the City of London police. A prolific writer on matters dealing with the Law and its enforcement, he has done much to generate interest in its shortcomings and, as Vice President of the Howard League, has through his many articles and broadcasts contributed much to penal reform in the UK. I long admired his books and his articles in the *New Statesman and Nation* in those halcyon days when I eagerly looked forward to my weekly fix of socialistic cordial.

In Percival Prone he has created that rare combination — the shlemiel *and* the shlimazel. In Mr. Rolph's knowing hands he serves as a portmanteau for all the pitfalls, absurdities and nit-picking idiocies which infest the legalistic woodwork of oaklined jurisprudence and which have so far failed to attract the attention of the exterminators.

Apart from being a corner shop news-agent and tobacconist in South London, Mr. Prone, an upright, law-abiding citizen, is also a dog-owner and breeder, householder, employer, parent, motorist, debtor, creditor. Each of these almost banal functions brings him unwittingly into conflict with some sections of the law as it stands in all its archaic splendour. He is forced into daily consultations with his lawyer, Mr. Parrott, who endeavours to guide him (and us) through the shark-infested waters of legality. ("When in trouble, always get a lawyer. Then you got more trouble, but at least you got a lawyer." *Groucho Marx.)*

By the end of an eventful week, he has been charged with no less than forty summonses, cautions and threats of legal proceedings, culminating in a short sojourn in the local lock-up; and this in all innocence. A few items of Prone's "criminal record" must suffice:

Sunday being a news-agent's and tobacconist's busy day, he starts by falling foul of the Sunday Observance Act (1625) and its later amendments, which stipulate that he may sell bread, cooked or partly cooked tripe, sweets, chocolates, ice cream wafers (if so licensed), cream in tins *if it is clotted*, bandages, aircraft accessories, and passport photographs. But bats and balls, playing cards, any food in tins, buckets and spades — if further than two miles from the coast — and, of course, roller skates, are prohibited merchandise on the Christian Day of the Lord in a God-fearing, if somewhat hypocritical, society.

A Christian is a man who feels
Repentance on a Sunday
For what he did on Saturday
And means to do on Monday

HE SELLS a packet of fags to a girl who, for all her womanly attributes, is under 14. His wife keeps three lady dogs of the same brand, which makes him a breeder requiring licensing. He advertises for a girl shop-assistant and falls foul of the sex-discrimination regulations. His jeans-clad daughter is sent home from school for this reason and when she refuses to don a skirt he's in Dutch with the Education Act. He fires his son's air pistol at an assumed burglar and infringes the Firearms Act. And so it goes.

Now the law is supposed to be the embodiment of the current morals of a society. Alas, many laws, regulations and by-laws remain on the statute book long after they have outlived their *raison d'être*. They are the bricks of which Kafka's castle was built. In the hands of nit-picking bureaucracy inside and outside law enforcement, they tend to make the citizen's life hell and alienate him from society, which becomes "them," the first step on the road to crime.

Of course, the further a society's legal code dates back, the more it is riddled with outdated anachronisms. For this reason, English law presents rich pickings, what with the D.O.R.A Licensing Laws, the Indecent Advertising Act (1889), the Metropolitan Police Act (1839), the Vagrancy Act (1824), to say nothing of Ancient Lights, which are bound to add to the Israeli reader's bafflement. But I imagine the Israel Legal Code contains its very own absurdities. So far we have been lucky. Major laws being flouted or not enforced, it's not impossible that the authorities will start at the bottom, with the fine print and the trivia. It is easier to prosecute the corner *makoletnik* than the godfathers-in-law of the Mafia.

So where is *our* legal eagle to chart the shoals for us innocent and law-abiding citizens? What about an Israeli Percy Prone? If his creator has half the wit and style of Mr. Rolph, he'll do for me.

And if he publishes it in his long deceased grandmother's name, he'll make a tax-free mint of money, not even paying death duties, since the Statute of Limitations will apply.

I think.

I look forward to the publication of "Adon Shlumi'el." □

Prairie girlhood

LAURA by Donald Zochert. New York. 1976. 229 pp. $1,75.

Rochelle Furstenberg

WHAT YOUNG girl growing up in any English-speaking country doesn't remember Laura Ingalls Wilder's books about her childhood in pioneer America? Books like *Little House on the Prairie*, *Little House in the Big Woods*, *The Long Winter* and *Little Town on the Prairie* were the real teachers of the history of that period.

For the child of immigrant parents these stories were especially important. Through them one identified with the young pioneer heroine and came to possess the American past.

Wilder re-creates the life of the Ingalls family as they move westward from Wisconsin, first to Minnesota and then to the Dakotas. Her works possess warmth and strength, involved as they are with descriptions of hard work and basic pleasures.

She also shows the resilience and self-sufficiency of her parents in extreme situations: the stoic perseverence of her mother, the vital, happy personality of her father. She draws the warm atmosphere of the home, the good relations within the family. The language is not pseudo-pioneer; one feels but the authentic intonations of the early settlers themselves.

BUT THE BIOGRAPHY of Laura Ingalls Wilder by Donald Zochert, which was a bestseller and which has been made into a television series, is quite another story.

The sentimental, frequently sing-song tone is a disappointing imitation of the authenticity in Wilder's books. There are even times that Zochert's "Carry-on, play the fiddle" optimism and his talky frontier banter sound like a parody of Wilder.

For example, when Grandpa Ingalls can't pay back a loan and his land is confiscated, Zochert describes it in the following way:

"Grandpa borrowed five hundred dollars and he signed the paper.

"The paper said Grandpa would pay the money back within three years. If he didn't the rich man from the East could go to court and take all Grandpa's land away from him. And that is just what happened.

"Try as he might, Grandpa could not pay the money back.

"So all the while Grandpa's children were getting married full of hope, the sheriff was knocking on Grandpa's door. And in that cold January Grandpa's dreams went up for sale to the highest bidder. The rich man bought them.

"But Grandpa Ingalls was not the sort of man to let hard times get him down. He had seen hard times before, and so had Grandma. Land or no land there was still plenty of work to be done. Why, a person could just count noses to see the truth in that."

WILDER herself creates a sentimental glow around her warm, fiddle-playing father, her uncomplaining mother, and her own impetuous self that only hardship tamed. But ultimately she is writing for children. Zochert is writing for adults. Something different is demanded of him.

One wants to understand in adult terms this pioneer family which he chronicles so diligently. And he has chronicled diligently. He has traced the official records of the family in the various places they lived as well as the genealogy of the extended family. For those who knew Laura Ingalls Wilder intimately as a child he offers the pleasure of comparing the facts with the fiction. There is a warm glow that accompanies such information. "Ah, that is what happened to her sisters, her cousins."

Perhaps the best thing about the biography is that it sends us back to the warm, glowing books of Laura Ingalls Wilder herself. □

Civics for Nazis

STALAG: U.S.A. The Remarkable Story of German POWs in America by Judith M. Gansberg. New York, Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 234 pp. $9.95.

Evelyn Strouse

LAST SPRING, American TV viewers watched *Stalag: U.S.A.*, a documentary that some whiz-kid of a producer put together out of what surely must be the dullest book to have been written about World War II. Judith Gansberg, who dedicates it "To Nana, Papa, and Feche, the best" — a telling example of her prose style — notes that the declassified records she so assiduously combed turned out to be not only repetitious but spotty; much of the most valuable material had been lost. Nevertheless, she has managed to incorporate the repetition into her reportage.

According to Gansberg, the re-education of 372,000 German PoWs was a top-secret and unusual project, details of whose existence have only just been revealed to the American public. Unusual it certainly wasn't; all of us have read about the re-education of prisoners and surely assumed that it was taking place wherever they were interned.

As for the details, one can, without straining the imagination, supply them: denazification, democratization, a little history, a little civics, a sprinkling of religion. And how was it done? Through the media, of course — mainly movies and newspapers and a flow of right-minded literature.

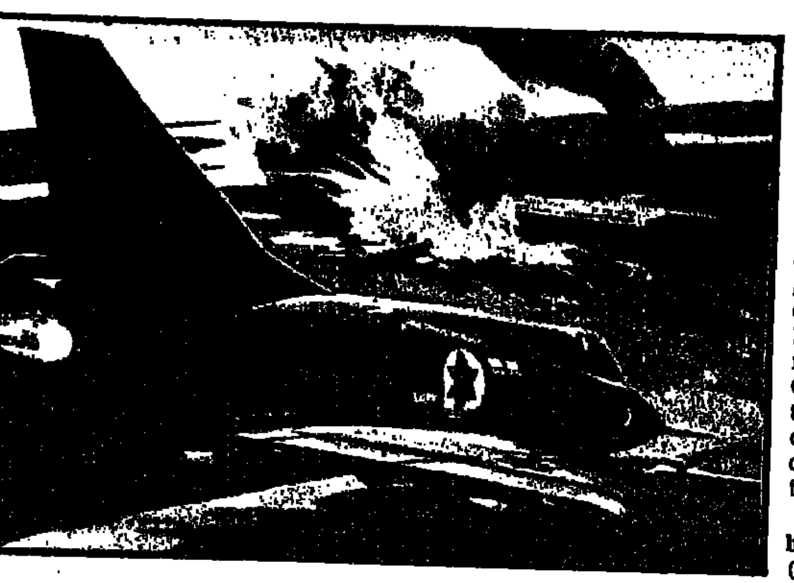
Later on, when the prisoners' English became more fluent and it was clear that native Germans would be needed to support the Allied occupation forces in Germany, classes were held and lectures given by speakers compellingly able to enunciate the American dream.

The author has attempted to enliven her story by introducing a number of prisoners and quoting them in conversation or correspondence. Probably the television version did this more convincingly, since it had recourse to live actors and not just dead words. Ludwig W.'s statement, for example, that "The pent-up bitterness of the anti-Nazis will explode into acts of violence against the terror of the Nazis in the camps," conjures up no picture of any Ludwig, W. or otherwise.

The book is humourless, excruciatingly detailed, and replete with split infinitives. □

هكذا من الأصل

Military hardware



WHILE THE police search for swastikas in a Jerusalem art school and some Germans are becoming upset at resurgent swastikamania in their land, the British continue to be fascinated by the beast. Nazi regalia are by far the most popular items on sale in London's Partobello Road market.

British aircraft buffs are no less fascinated by Nazi planes. The jacket of **Hitler's Luftwaffe** by Tony Wood and Bill Gunston (London, Salamander Books. 248 pp. £5.95) features rampant Stuka divebombers on a prominent swastika background. As far as I can ascertain there is not yet a companion volume on Churchill's RAF.

There is no reason, I suppose, for a technical work of this nature to bother about the evil ends served by the pilots and planes that are so meticulously described. Weapons are in themselves amoral objects. One can, therefore, suspend moral judgement when considering the merits of this book. And technically it is faultless. Handsomely produced, profusely and colourfully illustrated, and relatively inexpensive, it gives an exhaustive account of the men and machines that so ably served the Reich.

In the first part of the book, Tony Wood gives a detailed history of the rise and fall of the Luftwaffe. He shows how Hitler leaned heavily on this élite force, which was born clandestinely because the Allies refused to allow the Germans to have an air force after World War I.

For its part the Luftwaffe depended extensively on the genius of German aircraft designers. In the other part of the book, a directory of German military aircraft 1930-1945, Bill Gunston catalogues all the types that were produced before and during the war. Many of the designs were well in advance of those of the Allies.

In his foreward to **Modern Combat Aircraft** by John W.R. Taylor (London, Hamlyn, 128 pp. 75p) Mr. John Taylor touches on the ethics of the deployment of highly destructive aircraft and their role in the military balance between the Superpowers. He concludes that the balance of terror is the price that has to be paid to ward off the Battle of Armageddon.

TAYLOR IS a highly respected editor of Jane's *All the World's Aircraft* and the author of numerous other works on aviation. Here he has taken time out to write a primer for the uninitiated. Without delving too deeply, the book covers the broad outlines of the subject. There are lots of ac-

tion illustrations in colour by Mike Codd.

The imminent demise of the tank has been predicted ever since it made its first cumbersome appearance in World War I. Following the success of advanced infantry-born anti-tank missiles in the Yom Kippur War, the prediction has been revived. However, the resilient steel monsters seem to have taken the missiles in their stride and they retain their primacy on the conventional battlefield.

Although not particularly up-to-date **Armoured Fighting Vehicles** by John F. Milson (London, Hamlyn. 159 pp. 50p) is a more than adequate introduction to the development of armoured fighting vehicles. John Milson provides a highly readable guide that helps one to sort out the complexities of modern armoured warfare.

The index has some gaps, but the numerous illustrations by John Batchelor are very useful. With the aid of the book I was able to identify an unmarked tank at an exhibition of captured enemy armour at an IDF base as a World War II German Pz.Kpfw IV.

There is not much chance these days of being hurt by a flintlock pistol, so one can safely ignore their pristine purpose and concentrate on the more pleasant occupation of collecting what are in some cases works of art. All are hand-made and a pair of 17th century La Conte pistols in silver and ebony with barrels damascened in gold could grace any drawing-room wall.

F. Wilkinson secretary of the British Arms and Armour Society, has produced a scholarly monograph **Flintlock Pistols** by F. Wilkinson (London, Arms and Armour Press. 75 pp. £1.25) on their development that should be useful for collectors or anyone interested in learning about these weapons, which served soldiers, householders and highwaymen for nearly 300 years. The classification of the various types and the accompanying photographs should prove helpful for identifying weapons. □

Gregor

Faded clippings

ESSAYS OF E.B. WHITE. New York, Harper and Row. 277 pp. $12.50.

S.T. Meravi

THAT INSTITUTION known as *The New Yorker* is almost unique among American magazines for having established a consistent and recognizable editorial tone and toniness. As a whole, of course, *The New Yorker* is better than its parts. And E.B. White has been supplying some of its best parts for almost 40 years.

But White himself is better in parts than White as a whole, as this collection of 31 essays (all but nine from *The New Yorker*) amply proves. Although E.B. handpicked these pieces as the most memorable of hundreds, even the most devoted fan will tire of having his lapel tugged at such length.

One finds himself longing for the intrusion of all those other clever *New Yorker* voices, verses and adverts. Too much monologue at one sitting spells monotony; taken *in toto*, White pales.

"The essayist," he tells us in his introduction, "is a self-liberated man, sustained by the childish belief that everything he thinks about, everything that happens to him, is of general interest."

Only a person who is congenitally self-centred has the effrontery and the stamina to write essays.

Quite true, as true as that there are very few real essayists working today. White is indeed among the best of them. Yet gathering a harvest of past efforts, presumably a temptation too hard to resist when one is well into his seventies, reveals a nasty rub: journalism by definition admits to impermanence; hard covers promise the opposite.

Each resurrected essay, then, must live up to this additional implicit advertisement of worth. New heights of effrontery are needed to justify the demand of re-reading. And that's a tall order with yellowed material.

IN HIS 1960 essay on "Unity," for example, White argues that worldwide disarmament talks are just that, so much talk, and that in the face of the Communist threat, the West should concentrate as much effort on congealing as a bloc as it does on preserving liberty.

Fine, but after the Kennedy "Declaration of Interdependence" and the growth of Nato and the EEC, the reprinting of this essay seems little more than an opportunity for saying, "See how rational and prescient I was 18 years ago." It hardly contributes anything to our situation today.

"See how dumb I could be" seems to be the only reason for republishing the piece entitled "Here Is New York." Consider a snippet from this conglomeration of terribly dated clichés:

"And whether it is a farmer arriving from Italy to set up a small grocery store in a slum, or a young girl arriving from a small town in Mississippi to escape the indignity of being observed by her neighbours, or a boy arriving from the Corn Belt with a manuscript in his suitcase and a pain in his heart, it makes no difference: each embraces New York with the intense excitement of first love, each absorbs New York with the fresh eyes of an adventurer, each generates heat and light to dwarf the Consolidated Edison Company.

"Yes, and there's a broken heart for every light on old Broadway. The theory that yesterday's claptrap is today's collector's item must have some limits.

White is more on target when he describes the pleasures of farm life, his love for the railroads, the glories of the sea and the unviolated woodlands. But this is all preaching to the conservation-conscious. These days, anyone who doesn't moon over the disappearing railroads and unpolluted streams is labelled a pervert. Controversy, archness, even individuality are not White's strong points. Warmheartedness and rightheadedness are more what he aims for.

Let it be said that more often than not, White is both warm and right. If he is not terribly original or profound in his observations, he is still pleasant reading; his pieces about Florida and New England are especially effective.

THE LAST SECTION of the book deals with literary matters. His history of the old children's magazine and its alumni, "The St. Nicholas League," is at once informative, nostalgic and amusing. About the best piece in this section is the profile of Prof. Will Strunk, author of the celebrated "little book" of English usage — a splendid subject with White splendidly rising to the occasion.

But most of these essays doggedly remain occasionals.

"There is one thing the essayist cannot do though," he tells us. "He cannot indulge himself in deceit or in concealment." White is exceedingly honest. Perhaps someone deceived him into thinking that so many of his essays deserved preservation.

Like his *New Yorker* colleague and sometime collaborator, James Thurber, E.B. White will be remembered for a long and generous contribution to American writing (among which his fine children's books, such as *Charlotte's Web* feature prominently). But the reputation of the whole is endangered by too close an examination of so many minor parts.□

Royal paradox

SINATRA: An Unauthorized Biography by Earl Wilson. New York, Signet, 361 pp. $2.95.

Lynn Sharon

I WAS an active member of the bobby-sox generation. To be "in" in those days was to walk with a slouch and to venerate Frank Sinatra, the skinny crooner from Hoboken.

We teen-age American screamers helped create the "King" and we annointed him with our lavish adulation. As Sinatra sloughed off his boyishness and acquired style, polish and a "swinging" image after his "second coming," he became the darling of the more sedate and senior set. But being the "King" was not enough.

Sinatra also became the "Godfather," the "Man," and the "Boss." According to his biographer, Earl Wilson, who also happens to be one of Sinatras' earliest and staunchest supporters, heaping non-stop praise and publicity upon him, all of the accolades accorded Frankie are due to his being "truly the greatest king that show business has ever had." Wilson backs this up with hard financial facts. It seems that Sinatra dwarfed even Al Jolson. Sinatra is reported to have a $50m. fortune, compared to Jolson's mere $6m.

After all the words have been written, Sinatra still remains a paradox. His wealth, an inflated ego, and the need to rub shoulders with power no doubt pushed him into supporting political candidates. He tried in vain to jump on John Kennedy's band wagon, attracted by the Kennedy charisma and swinging life style, but his efforts were rejected by Bobby Kennedy who feared that Sinatra's reputation as a friend of Mafiosi might jeopardize his brother's chances.

THWARTED by the Democrats, he turned to the Republicans who were more receptive to his money, talent and name. During the Nixon presidency, Sinatra's loyalty was rewarded. He was invited to perform in the White House. He is said to still visit Nixon when invited and remains a loyal friend of that political pariah of all time, Nixon's Vice President Spiro Agnew, who became a public relations consultant for an Arab oil-sheikhdom after having been forced to resign from office. Agnew freely disseminates their anti-Israel and anti-Semitic poison, yet this friendship in no way prevented Sinatra from purchasing $250,000 worth of Israel Bonds.

Famed for his philanthropy, this generosity does not extend itself to the press, which Sinatra scathingly attacks at every opportunity with such epitaphs as "bums, parasites, hookers and pimps." Wilson contends that Sinatra prospers on brawls, lawsuits and headlines. "The conflicts make him a bigger box-office attraction..." Others are less impressed. Ralph Gleason writing in the June 1974 *Rolling Stone* characterizes Frankie this way, "Sinatra behaves like an arrogant despot with a court of sychophants Uncle Tom-ing their asses off."

Now in his sixties, Sinatra the sexy swinger still holds on to his image despite his paunch, puffy bags under his eyes, and the transplanted "rug" he wears to cover his pate. Somehow, Frankie can still wring out the guts of any tune. He is, as Sammy Davis Jr. puts it, "King Frank the First," thumbing his nose at the world while singing *I Did It My Way*.□

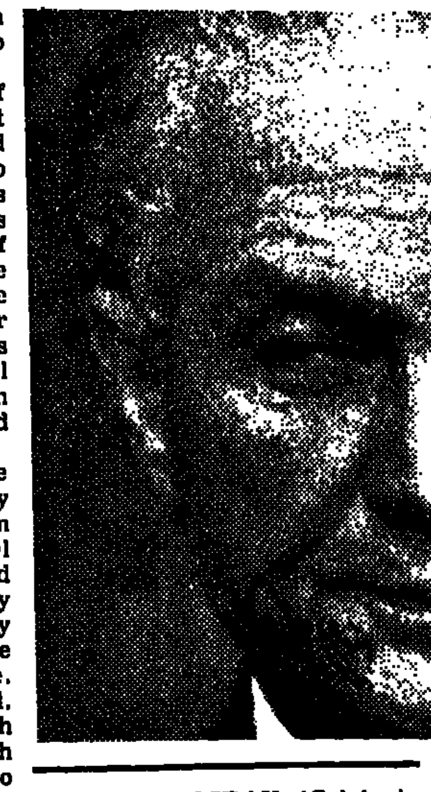
Civil war diary

THIS BOOK, written by one of the Lebanon's most prominent leaders, was conceived as a "diary of the civil war." It is based on the author's daily entries in his log book from January 14 to November 10, 1976.

One of the major drawbacks of this kind of political diary is that very often you can't see the wood for the trees. The author tends to lose himself in a mass of details and impressions and often forgets to give a general appreciation of the war he has lived through. The style of the diary makes the reader *feel* what the author himself felt from day to day — his fears, anxieties, hopes and small satisfactions; but he will look in vain for precise and detailed historical information.

What really impresses the reader in this case is the intensity of the hatred that Christian aristocrats like Chamoun feel towards the Palestinians. It would be euphemistic to say that they dislike the Palestinians, that they despise them or feel disgust at the mere mention of their name. Their hatred is total and visceral. The Palestinians are atheists with no principles, armed to the teeth by the communists, who have no place whatsoever in Lebanon.

The author has no doubts about the Lebanese Christians being "intellectually superior" to the Moslems (and certainly to the Palestinians). He takes every opportunity to remind the reader that it is the doctors, the professors, the lawyers — in other words the well-to-do Christians — who have "made" Lebanon. The "others," Chamoun implies, are mere parasites. Chamoun likes to think of himself as "the father of the Lebanese." At 76, he supervises the training of his militias himself, and is enthusiastic about "his" young people, their bright eyes, their courage.



CRISE AU LIBAN (Crisis in Lebanon) by Camille Chamoun. Beirut (no publisher given.) 184 pp. No price stated.

Ilan Greilsammer

IN THE MIDST of the war, while the opponents perpetrate dreadful atrocities, Chamoun finds time for a day of winter sports, sumptuous lunches in splendid villas, a little hunting. Here lies the interest of the diary as a literary form: it makes no attempt to systemize, summarize or embellish; it records all the details, spares nothing; and the final result is ruthless. It is quite shocking when Chamoun complains in the same breath about the Palestinian invasion of his domain in Saadyat and the death of "one of my hunting dogs, a german pointer."

Describing the Christian camp, the author tends to give the determining role in all victories to his own "Tigers" (though in fact they were only a secondary force to Pierre Jemayel's Phalangists). As to the Phalangists, the author's opinion of them is sometimes positive, sometimes noncommittal or even pejorative.

Jemayel was more opportunistic in his approach (a better diplomat?) than Chamoun. While the latter refused all compromises, all offers of a cease-fire, and would not trust any Palestinian promises, Jemayel appears to have been more conciliatory and ready to negotiate with his enemies.

Also important is Chamoun's description of the Lebanese monks and nuns who transformed their monasteries and convents into fortresses and asylums for refugees; and of the youth of Zahle, all of whom joined the Phalangists and the Tigers in the war.

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It is unfortunate, however, that the leader of the Lebanese right has not dealt more with the relations between the Christians of his country and Israel. Chamoun has next to nothing to say about Israel, although the reader can sense a true admiration for her military power, as well as a lack of hostility towards the country.

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Stories from hell

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE WALL By Vladka Meed (Feigele-Petel Miedzyrzecki). Tel Aviv, Ghetto Fighters and Kibbutz Hameuhad Publishing House. 335 pp. IL41.

Alexander Zvielli

"THE CITY of Warsaw, for all its millions of Poles, gave shelter to thousands of underground Polish freedom fighters," writes Vladka, "but it was unable to find asylum for some seventy survivors of the ghetto uprising. Days passed by, and still no shelter had been found for the insurgents hidden in the forest." It was then up to her and the coordinating committee of Jewish organizations operating underground in Warsaw to provide a solution.

Vladka was 14 at the outbreak of World War II. A good pupil, she belonged to "Zukunft" (Future), a junior socialist organization of the Bund. In 1942, after having witnessed pogroms, murders and deportations, she joined the Warsaw Ghetto Jewish Fighters. Because she was quick, honest, perceptive, reliable and could pass as an Aryan, she was entrusted with a series of extremely dangerous missions.

The name Vladka, one of her many aliases, became part of her vigorous outside appearance that concealed an often frightened little girl inside. Putting explosives through a hole in the ghetto wall, Vladka was aware of all the dangers involved, but did not even think of running away.

She describes with much pain and emotion the ghetto uprising, which she saw from the other side of the wall. She came as close as possible to the actual fighting while masses of German troops cordoned off the area. The ghetto fighters were all her friends and their daily appeals for arms and explosives tormented her. She tried to get help from the Polish underground, which used delaying tactics while attempting to get some credit for the scope and heroism of this futile struggle.

There is a certain symmetry between the Jewish ghetto fighters' terrible suffering and unsuccessful appeals for arms, and the very similar fate of the Polish underground during the Warsaw uprising two years later, when they waited in vain for Allied and Russian intervention.

The end of the heroic struggle of the Warsaw ghetto did not change the hostile attitude of the Polish people. On the contrary, Jews were hunted down with greater zeal. Vladka became the liaison officer of the underground committee of Jewish organizations which, undeterred by all the difficulties, undertook to save as many Jewish lives as possible. She also brought comfort and relief to hundreds of people.

THE COORDINATING committee's primary objective was to help Jews hidden on the Aryan side. This included issuing false documents, finding living quarters in an overwhelmingly hostile environment, and securing bunkers and hideouts in bombed-out places. Special consideration was given to Jewish children by furnishing aid to their protectors, and establishing contacts with Catholic orders that were willing to accept Jewish wards for the duration of the war.

The most difficult assignments, however, entailed establishing contacts in the labour camps and helping the prisoners; then there was the business of finding Jewish partisans who were hiding in swamps and forests.

Contacts with the Polish underground — which had kept channels of communication open with the Allies — and secret contacts with certain international organizations, facilitated all important money-transfers as dollars were received from abroad.

Although the money could not buy freedom, it could provide food and clothing. It was used to bribe officials, especially Germans. It often bought Jews from the predatory "szmalcowniks" or professional Jew-hunters. The money was also proof that Jews abroad had not forgotten their coreligionists in Poland and their terrible plight.

One needed extra-sensory perception to find the Jews who were concealing their true identity. The coordinating committee set about its work very cautiously, fearing betrayals, blackmail and failure.

"Life on the Aryan side was now hell on earth," comments Vladka. "Each morning wrested another member from our ranks... Our hideouts were constantly betrayed. The ground under our feet had never burned more scorchingly."

The Gestapo also appreciated the value of cash: it paid 100 zlotys for a Jewish head. The majority of Jews in hiding were unable to work and had already sold their meagre belongings. They were at the mercy of their Polish landlords, who were tempted by the Gestapo's offer. Many previously brave souls could not stand the pressure and committed suicide.

It was Vladka's dangerous and difficult task to acquire information about the unfortunate individuals who were hiding in wardrobes and behind false walls, and to find suitable ways of approaching them or their landlords with her good intentions.

Her life was like a game of Russian roulette, with the odds stacked heavily against her. Every step, meeting, telephone call or ride on a tram was full of danger. She accumulated an impressive number of narrow escapes, but continued to work, proud and happy in her mission.

There were great compensations as well. There were the smiles of Jewish children who had been released from their 1 sq.m., damp and dark hideouts, and the simple gratitude of all those who had considered themselves completely forgotten.

THE LOT of Jewish partisans seemed to be the most tragic and they received Vladka as an ambassadress of the Jewish world far away. Badly armed, mercilessly hunted by German patrols, they were unable to seek help from the local Polish population. Many of them perished at the hands of Polish-Ukrainian rightist groups who found it easier and more gratifying to kill Jews than to wage war against a common enemy. Vladka risked her life by smuggling herself aboard freight trains and going all alone into the dark forests. Her very presence and the meagre provisions she brought became the sole hope of the partisans in their terrible struggle for survival.

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In her encounters with the partisans we see Vladka at her best, full of initiative and resourcefulness, dedication and courage. Many partisans were eventually brought to the comparative safety of the big cities.

Vladka's simple and warm language, her attention to detail, and her rare restraint and understanding make her story a unique account of Jewish womanhood at its best and of a Jewish heart reacting to the world's betrayal with wisdom and ingenuity.

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Military hardware

WHILE THE police search for swastikas in a Jerusalem art school and some Germans are becoming upset at resurgent swastikamania in their land, the British continue to be fascinated by the beast. Nazi regalia are by far the most popular items on sale in London's Portobello Road market.

British aircraft buffs are no less fascinated by Nazi planes. The jacket of **Hitler's Luftwaffe** by Tony Wood and Bill Gunston (London, Salamander Books, 248 pp. £5.95) features rampant Stuka divebombers on a prominent swastika background. As far as I can ascertain there is not yet a companion volume on Churchill's RAF.

There is no reason, I suppose, for a technical work of this nature to bother about the evil ends served by the pilots and planes that are so meticulously described. Weapons are in themselves amoral objects. One can, therefore, suspend moral judgement when considering the merits of this book. And technically it is faultless. Handsomely produced, profusely and colourfully illustrated, and relatively inexpensive, it gives an exhaustive account of the men and machines that so ably served the Reich.

In the first part of the book, Tony Wood gives a detailed history of the rise and fall of the Luftwaffe. He shows how Hitler leaned heavily on this élite force, which was born clandestinely because the Allies refused to allow the Germans to have an air force after World War I.

For its part the Luftwaffe depended extensively on the genius of German aircraft designers. In the other part of the book, a directory of German military aircraft 1930-1945, Bill Gunston catalogues all the types that were produced before and during the war. Many of the designs were well in advance of those of the Allies.

In his foreword to **Modern Combat Aircraft** by John W.R. Taylor (London, Hamlyn, 128 pp. 75p) Mr. John Taylor touches on the ethics of the deployment of highly destructive aircraft and their role in the military balance between the Superpowers. He concludes that the balance of terror is the price that has to be paid to ward off the Battle of Armageddon.

TAYLOR IS a highly respected editor of Jane's *All the World's Aircraft* and the author of numerous other works on aviation. Here he has taken time out to write a primer for the uninitiated. Without delving too deeply, the book covers the broad outlines of the subject. There are lots of action illustrations in colour by Mike Codd.

The imminent demise of the tank has been predicted ever since it made its first cumbersome appearance in World War I. Following the success of advanced infantry-born anti-tank missiles in the Yom Kippur War, the prediction has been revived. However, the resilient steel monsters seem to have taken the missiles in their stride and they retain their primacy on the conventional battlefield.

Although not particularly up-to-date **Armoured Fighting Vehicles** by John F. Milson (London, Hamlyn. 159 pp. 50p) is a more than adequate introduction to the development of armoured fighting vehicles. John Milson provides a highly readable guide that helps one to sort out the complexities of modern armoured warfare.

The index has some gaps, but the numerous illustrations by John Batchelor are very useful. With the aid of the book I was able to identify an unmarked tank at an exhibition of captured enemy armour at an IDF base as a World War II German Pz.Kpfw IV.

There is not much chance these days of being hurt by a flintlock pistol, so one can safely ignore their pristine purpose and concentrate on the more pleasant occupation of collecting what are in some cases works of art. All are hand-made and a pair of 17th century La Conte pistols in silver and ebony with barrels damascened in gold could grace any drawing-room wall.

F. Wilkinson secretary of the British Arms and Armour Society, has produced a scholarly monograph **Flintlock Pistols** by F. Wilkinson (London, Arms and Armour Press. 75 pp. £1.25) on their development that should be useful for collectors or anyone interested in learning about these weapons, which served soldiers, householders and highwaymen for nearly 300 years. The classification of the various types and the accompanying photographs should prove helpful for identifying weapons. □

Gregor

Civil war diary

THIS BOOK, written by one of the Lebanon's most prominent leaders, was conceived as a "diary of the civil war." It is based on the author's daily entries in his log book from January 14 to November 10, 1976.

One of the major drawbacks of this kind of political diary is that very often you can't see the wood for the trees. The author tends to lose himself in a mass of details and impressions and often forgets to give a general appreciation of the war he has lived through. The style of the diary makes the reader *feel* what the author himself felt from day to day — his fears, anxieties, hopes and small satisfactions; but he will look in vain for precise and detailed historical information.

What really impresses the reader in this case is the intensity of the hatred that Christian aristocrats like Chamoun feel towards the Palestinians. It would be euphemistic to say that they dislike the Palestinians, that they despise them or feel disgust at the mere mention of their name. Their hatred is total and visceral. The Palestinians are atheists with no principles, armed to the teeth by the communists, who have no place whatsoever in Lebanon.

The author has no doubts about the Lebanese Christians being "intellectually superior" to the Moslems (and certainly to the Palestinians). He takes every opportunity to remind the reader that it is the doctors, the professors, the lawyers — in other words the well-to-do Christians — who have "made" Lebanon. The "others," Chamoun implies, are mere parasites. Chamoun likes to think of himself as "the father of the Lebanese." At 76, he supervises the training of his militias himself, and is enthusiastic about

CRISE AU LIBAN (Crisis in Lebanon) by Camille Chamoun. Beirut (no publisher given.) 184 pp. No price stated.

Ilan Greilsammer

"his" young people, their bright eyes, their courage.

IN THE MIDST of the war, while the opponents perpetrate dreadful atrocities, Chamoun finds time for a day of winter sports, sumptuous lunches in splendid villas, a little hunting. Here lies the interest of the diary as a literary form: it makes no attempt to systemize, summarize or embellish; it records all the details, spares nothing; and the final result is ruthless. It is quite shocking when Chamoun complains in the same breath about the Palestinian invasion of his dòmain in Saadyat and the death of "one of my hunting dogs, a german pointer."

Describing the Christian camp, the author tends to give the determining role in all victories to his own "Tigers" (though in fact they were only a secondary force to Pierre Jemayel's Phalangists). As to the Phalangists, the author's opinion of them is sometimes positive, sometimes noncommittal or even pejorative.

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Faded clippings

ESSAYS OF E.B. WHITE. New York, Harper and Row. 277 pp. $12.50.

S.T. Meravi

THAT INSTITUTION known as *The New Yorker* is almost unique among American magazines for having established a consistent and recognizable editorial tone and toniness. As a whole, of course, *The New Yorker* is better than its parts. And E.B. White has been supplying some of its best parts for almost 40 years.

But White himself is better in parts than White as a whole, as this collection of 31 essays (all but nine from *The New Yorker*) amply proves. Although E.B. hand-picked these pieces as the most memorable of hundreds, even the most devoted fan will tire of having his lapel tugged at such length.

One finds himself longing for the intrusion of all those other clever *New Yorker* voices, verses and adverts. Too much monologue at one sitting spells monotony: taken *in toto*, White pales.

"The essayist," he tells us in his introduction, "is a self-liberated man, sustained by the childish belief that everything he thinks about, everything that happens to him, is of general interest . . . Only a person who is congenitally self-centred has the effrontery and the stamina to write essays."

Quite true: as true as that there are very few real essayists working today. White is indeed among the best of them. Yet gathering a harvest of past efforts presumably a temptation too hard to resist when one is well into his seventies, reveals a nasty nub: journalism by definition admits to impermanence; hard covers promise the opposite.

Each resurrected essay, then, must live up to this additional implicit advertisement of worth. New heights of effrontery are needed to justify the demand of re-reading. And that's a tall order with yellowed material.

IN HIS 1960 essay on "Unity," for example, White argues that worldwide disarmament talks are just that, so much talk, and that in the face of the Communist threat, the West should concentrate as much effort on congealing as a bloc as it does on preserving liberty.

Fine, but after the Kennedy "Declaration of Interdependence" and the growth of Nato and the EEC, the reprinting of this essay seems little more than an opportunity for saying, "See how rational and prescient I was 18 years ago." It hardly contributes anything to our situation today.

"See how dumb I could be" seems to be the only reason for republishing the piece entitled "Here Is New York." Consider a snippet from this conglomeration of terribly dated clichés:

"And whether it is a farmer arriving from Italy to set up a small grocery store in a slum, or a young girl arriving from a small town in Mississippi to escape the indignity of being observed by her neighbours, or a boy arriving from the Corn Belt with a manuscript in his suitcase and a pain in his heart, it makes no difference: each embraces New York with the intense excitement of first love; each absorbs New York with the fresh eyes of an adventurer, each generates heat and light to dwarf the Consolidated Edison Company. . . ."

Yes, and there's a broken heart for every light on old Broadway. The theory that yesterday's clap-trap is today's collector's item must have some limits.

White is more on target when he describes the pleasures of farm life, his love for the railroads, the glories of the sea and the unviolated woodlands. But this is all preaching to the conservation-conscious. These days, anyone who doesn't moon over the disappearing railroads and unpolluted streams is labelled a pervert. Controversy, archness, even individuality are not White's strong points. Warmheartedness and righteadedness are more what he aims for.

Let it be said that more often than not, White is both warm and right. If he is not terribly original or profound in his observations, he is still pleasant reading; his pieces about Florida and New England are especially effective.

THE LAST SECTION of the book deals with literary matters. His history of the old children's magazine and its alumni, "The St. Nicholas League," is at once informative, nostalgic and amusing. About the best piece in this section is the profile of Prof. Will Strunk, author of the celebrated "little book" of English usage — a splendid subject with White splendidly rising to the occasion.

But most of these essays doggedly remain occasional.

"There is one thing the essayist cannot do though," he tells us. "He cannot indulge himself in deceit or concealment." White is exceedingly honest. Perhaps someone deceived him into thinking that so many of his essays deserved preservation.

Like his *New Yorker* colleague and sometime collaborator, James Thurber, E.B. White will be remembered for a long and generous contribution to American writing (among which his fine children's books, such as *Charlotte's Web* feature prominently). But the reputation of the whole is endangered by too close an examination of so many minor parts.□

Royal paradox

SINATRA: An Unauthorised Biography by Earl Wilson. New York, Signet, 361 pp. $2.95.

Lynn Sharon

I WAS an active member of the bobby-sox generation. To be "in" in those days was to walk with a slouch and to venerate Frank Sinatra, the skinny crooner from Hoboken.

We teen-age American screamers helped create the "King" and we annointed him with our lavish adulation. As Sinatra sloughed off his boyishness and acquired style, polish and a "swinging" image after his "second coming," he became the darling of the more sedate and senior set. But being the "King" was not enough.

Sinatra also became the "Godfather," the "Man," and the "Boss." According to his biographer, Earl Wilson, who also happens to be one of Sinatras' earliest and staunchest supporters, heaping non-stop praise and publicity upon him, all of the accolades accorded Frankie are due to his being "truly the greatest king that show business has ever had." Wilson backs this up with hard financial facts. It seems that Sinatra dwarfed even Al Jolson. Sinatra is reported to have a $50m. fortune, compared to Jolson's mere $8m.

After all the words have been written, Sinatra still remains a paradox. His wealth, an inflated ego, and the need to rub shoulders with power no doubt pushed him into supporting political candidates. He tried in vain to jump on John Kennedy's band wagon, attracted by the Kennedy charisma and swinging life style, but his efforts were rejected by Bobby Kennedy who feared that Sinatra's reputation as a friend of Mafiosi might jeopardize his brother's chances.

THWARTED by the Democrats, he turned to the Republicans who were more receptive to his money, talent and name. During the Nixon presidency, Sinatra's loyalty was rewarded. He was invited to perform in the White House. He is said to still visit Nixon when invited and remains a loyal friend of that political pariah of all time, Nixon's Vice President Spiro Agnew, who became a public relations consultant for an Arab oil-sheikhdom after having been forced to resign from office. Agnew freely disseminates their anti-Israel and anti-Semitic poison, yet this friendship in no way prevented Sinatra from purchasing $250,000 worth of Israel Bonds.

Famed for his philanthropy, this generosity does not extend itself to the press, which Sinatra scathingly attacks at every opportunity with such epitaphs as "bums, parasites, hookers and pimps." Wilson contends that Sinatra prospers on brawls, lawsuits and headlines. "The conflicts make him a bigger box-office attraction..." Others are less impressed. Ralph Gleason writing in the June 1974 *Rolling Stone* characterises Frankie this way. "Sinatra behaves like an arrogant despot with a court of sychophants Uncle Tom-ing their asses off."

Now in his sixties, Sinatra the sexy swinger still holds on to his image despite his paunch, puffy bags under his eyes, and the transplanted "rug" he wears to cover his pate. Somehow, Frankie can still wring out the guts of any tune. He is, as Sammy Davis Jr. puts it, "King Frank the First," thumbing his nose at the world while singing *I Did It My Way*.□

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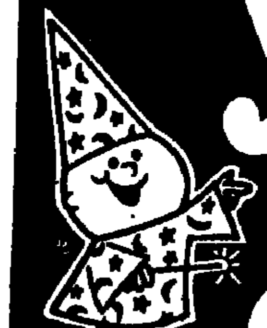
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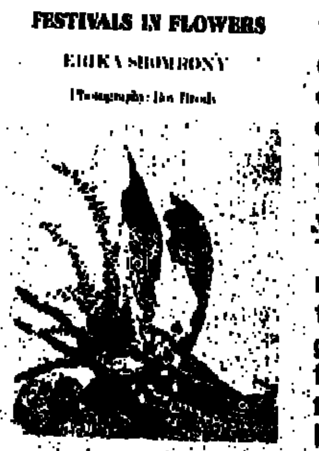
FESTIVALS IN FLOWERS



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Flash Harry

FLASHMAN'S LADY by George MacDonald Fraser. London, Barrie and Jenkins. 328 pp. £4.50.

Matthew Nesvisky

FLASHMAN'S back and, what's equally good news, so is his lady, the beautiful, blonde, buxom and brainless Elspeth. We can enlarge Flashy's comment on his wife's chief charm to cover both characters: What a pair!

Harry Flashman, for the two or three unfortunates among you out there who still may not know, is the notorious bully of Thomas Hughes' *Tom Brown's Schooldays.* Over the past 10 years, Flashy's "memoirs" have been brought to delight by Scottish historian and fictioneer G.M. Fraser.

Since the great Victorian rakehell, braggart and coward was expelled from Rugby and became the unintentional hero of the Afghanistan wars, we've seen him everywhere, from the bed of Lola Montez to the charge at Balaclava to the slave markets of New Orleans. And if Fraser's word is to be trusted (and it cannot) we're yet to see Flashy in the Zulu and Sioux uprisings, the U.S. Civil War, and the Taiping and Boxer Rebellions.

In this sixth packet of memoirs, covering the years 1842-45, Flashman has three separate but related adventures. The first is on no less an august battleground than the cricket pitch at Lord's. How Flashy gets there is too involved to explain; suffice it to say that he turns in a sterling performance (through the tried and true Flashman combination of luck and cheating). Suffice it to say also that Fraser does a marvellous job of reporting the match, so much so that even this Yank who doesn't know a wicket from a weskit found himself utterly fascinated.

OUR ANTI-HERO'S success on the pitch leads him into a single wicket match with the exotic Don Solomon Haslam, fabulously wealthy half-breed whose one half is more mysterious than the other. The result of this exciting contest leads in its turn to Flashman's second adventure.

He and Elspeth accompany the Don on a year-long cruise to the South Seas. It's not long before the Don shows his true colours. He kidnaps Elspeth and sails upriver to the dark fastness of Borneo's pirate empire. The twist is that Elspeth is so dim she hardly knows what's going on; and Flashman is so caddish and cowardly he's ready to write her off as a tax loss.

But enter James Brooke, the indomitable pirate-hunter of Sarawak: He chivvies Flashman into an expedition against the pirates and, before he knows it, poor Harry is cowering in the bow of the lead boat and heading into a full-scale war: "...the platform which jutted out from her rails crowded with savage howling faces, brandishing steel, and smoking barrels — 'They'll shoot us to pieces! We'll founder — Jesus loves me!' someone was shouting, but nobody heard me in that fearful din."

Typical Flash — in a battle by mistake for a cause he doesn't care about: "I was fairly close up in the front rank, by now bellowing the odds and taking a juicy swipe at any wounded who happened to be looking t'other way." Leave it to Flashman to wind up in the pirate king's harem, where he falls on a luscious young thing to keep her quiet and...well, even Flash is amazed at what can ensue in the heat of battle.

THE DAY is won, but Don Solomon escapes, with the ever-confused Elspeth. Flashy catches up with them on the fearsome island of Madagascar, where he and Elspeth promptly are enslaved (although Elspeth again never quite realizes this). Flashy is put to servicing (in every sense) the insane Queen Ranavalona, perhaps the most bloodthirsty ruler between Caligula and Hitler. Our boy eventually takes advantage of a palace revolt to get himself and his lady to the safety of a British ship. Elspeth, who never knew she was in danger, can't quite comprehend she's being rescued, which doesn't make Flashman's task any easier. She keeps meowing about the hatbox she left behind, while her husband tries to convince her she's lucky to have her head.

Fraser carries all this off with stylishness, invention and good cheer. He is admirably adept at blending the incredible but historical James Brooke, the White Rajah of Sarawak, and Ranavalona with the believable but fictional Flashmans. He also has the rare skill for describing sweeping battles, and shows a wicked turn in close combat as well: "He advanced a pace, squinting up where I was pointing — and the next instant his courting tackle was half-way up inside his torso, impelled by my right boot..."

And, finally, Fraser deserves bonus points for interspersing Flashman's account with selections from Elspeth's twitty notebooks, as amended by her sister, Grizel de Rothschild. Elspeth's observations on butterflies and bonnets while Flashman is running for his life through the jungle adds the final touch of mad humour to a novel that simply keeps the reader grinning from first page to last. □

Foot-loose hero

SPORTS CAR MENOPAUSE by Page Stegner. New York, Little, Brown and Company. $8.95

Murray Baumgarten

AT THE conclusion of this remarkable novel, our hero gets out of his car and walks home. To Israelis who have not yet been to California, such an even must sound uninteresting; to Californians, perhaps even to most Americans, it is surprising.

Eliot Warren, professor, writer, native of California, who has been embroiled in an affair with a luscious undergraduate, leaves her and returns home to his wife. On foot. The title is the giveaway — he's abandoned his sports car, lived through his menopausal period, and returned to normal life. Touching the ground, he makes contact with the earth, with his own mortality. He has stepped out of the vehicle that has propelled him, with a spurious youthfulness, on his freeway fling.

Reader beware: this is a funny novel. The joke is on our somewhat paunchy, somewhat pretentious professor. His adventures are not at all unique; despite his high-falutin' feelings, he's just doing what everyone else does. All his defences haven't made it possible for him to face his own mid-career crisis: he, too, has had the hot flushes of his menopause.

THE NOVEL is full of delicious moments: Warren's student spouts philosophy, but ends up publishing a book entitled *Confessions of an Onanist*. Warren himself rushes to Los Angeles to say goodbye to his youthful paramour and discovers that as far as she's concerned, it's all over. After all, he's been replaced by a golf instructor who's introduced her to the 19th hole, i.e., the pleasures of elegant imbibing. Not to mention the earlier effort of the two lovers to end their relationship by spending the night together in bed, with their clothes on.

The comedy of this situation propels the novel through typical scenes of California university life. Like so much else in America, this too is writ larger than life-size. The exaggeration, the hyperbole of situation, serves as a comic foil, and also reveals the Americanness of the situation. Perhaps only in the U.S. is there something intrinsically funny about an older man pursuing a younger woman. Their sexual practices and their addiction to automobile-determined habits is native to the region.

The book carries a Hemingway-like prose into an encounter with the wit and fun of the natural joker, the teetering-on-the-edge of catastrophe of American frontier-humour.

If that weren't enough to recommend it to Israelis, consider the fact that the funniest character in the novel, with the best lines, is the Jewish psychology professor who's got a foul mouth, a dirty mind, knows how to be a good friend to our non-Jewish colleague-hero, and is afflicted with the inability to fulfil his fantasies. □

Michael Kitchen, Timothy West, Roger Lloyd Pack and Gemma Jones in Harold Pinter's, "The Homecoming."

Home sweet home

THEATRE
Mendel Kohansky

IN HAROLD PINTER'S *Homecoming* we have a perfectly normal commonplace situation. A young university lecturer who has been living in the U.S. for some years comes to London with his wife to visit his family, a father and two brothers.

"I've never had a whore under this roof," the father says, and adds, "not since your mother died."

The young woman is a big success with the old man and her two brothers-in-law, so much so that they decide to keep her with them permanently. The arrangement is that by servicing all three men, she will earn enough to maintain herself in a flat in Soho.

Everything tied up, her husband leaves for America. "Don't be a stranger," she says by way of farewell.

No playwright I know writes more realistically than Pinter. His characters look and act as if they had just walked in off the street; their speech sounds like conversations overheard in a supermarket. He gives us a slice of life, but sliced and put together so arbitrarily and with so much cunning, that a new reality emerges, a menacing, horrifying reality which, it seems has always been there, only waiting to be discovered by Pinter.

Anything can happen in Pinterland, and it happens so that we accept it as perfectly normal. Why shouldn't a young woman prefer the life of a whore in London with a stupid, mean old man, a pimp and a moron, to being the wife of a lecturer in a university town in America?

IN ONE of the scenes, the moron brother makes love to her on the couch while father and her husband make small talk. The dialogue is innocently plain and hilarious. Father says to his would-be boxer son: "What you've got to do is learn how to defend yourself, and you've got to learn to attack. That's your only trouble as a boxer. You don't know how to defend yourself, and you don't know how to attack."

THE MICHAEL Codron production from London now visiting here gives a performance of the play which is nothing but joy.

Director Kevin Billington has beautifully brought out the comical aspects of the play, in the dialogue and the action. There is in the opening of the second act a pantomime of a polite tea party, a kind of parody of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, which is a little masterpiece, and the acting is altogether marvellous.

Not a wrong note throughout the evening; all the subtle meanings and sub-meanings of Pinter's lines, the menace lurking under the most innocent words and gestures, are fully articulated.

The cast consists of Timothy West as the father, Gemma Jones as the woman, Michael Kitchen as the older son, Roger Lloyd Pack as the would-be boxer, Oliver Cotton as the husband, and Charles Key as the uncle. They are all wonderful, and so is the set, a grey, bleak family house, designed by Eileen Diss.

OH! FOR the England of Stanley Baldwin and the king who couldn't live without the woman he loved, the England of the poets and dramatists who wrote proper English on proper subjects, before the Welfare State and the redbrick universities let loose on the stage such barbarians as Osborne and Pinter and Wesker and Orton. (They are scum! cried proper Englishman Somerset Maugham) to turn the British theatre into the disorderly and exciting place it became in the 'sixties.

Even those who know England only from brief visits — as does this writer — must have been caught up in the nostalgia for the England that was that pervaded last Saturday's recital at the Tel Aviv Museum by Dame Flora Robson. The distinguished British actress, whom we have all seen in the movies, and the luckier ones among us also on the stage, gave an evening of readings arranged by Leonard Schach, the stage director turned impresario for the occasion.

Dame Flora's programme consisted mainly of poems by such poets as Keats and Blake and a very harmless W. H. Auden, and she devoted part of the evening to speeches and poems by Queen Elizabeth I, evidently one of her favourite historical figures.

In keeping with the nature of her visit to Israel — an Easter Week pilgrimage — she also read some excerpts from the Book of Books, and such is the power of her British personality that she made even the prophets Isaiah and Micah sound like English poets laureate.

It was a highly civilized evening, made even more so by the harp interludes played by Yehudit Lieber of the IPO, as lovely as the sounds she coaxed out of her instrument.

ANOTHER one-woman performance, which the short-lived newspaper strike prevented me from reporting on earlier, was an evening by Stella Avni entitled "Bad Times for Lyrical Poetry," a quotation from Bertolt Brecht.

Appearing on the bare stage of the Third Floor in Jaffa, with a small table and a chair for props, the familiar photograph of the Master with that shrewd expression staring down from the wall, Miss Avni recited and sang some of Brecht's lesser-known poems.

A pianist occasionally punctuated a point, bridged a pause, but it was with a minimum of external effects and a great deal of understanding that Stella Avni demonstrated her close identification with the poet's wisdom and his sober view of society. It was gratifying to see a great stage intelligence at work. □

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THE JERUSALEM POST
30 YEARS AGO

The Jews continued to do well on the battle-fields during the first week of April, with one of the Arabs' outstanding soldiers, Abdul Kader, killed in the desperate fighting for the Kastel. But bitter controversy arose because of the action taken by I.Z.L. and Stern Gang units at Deir Yassin, a controversy that is still not yet resolved.

The Jerusalem Post was called The Palestine Post until April 15, 1950

April 5-11, 1948

THE PALESTINE POST

THIS FEATURE IS PRESENTED BY THE JERUSALEM POST AND BANK LEUMI LE-ISRAEL AS A SERVICE TO THE PUBLIC

EDITORIAL
Wednesday, April 9, 1948
Adar II, 27, 5708.
Jamad Awwal 27, 1367.

Kiss of Judas

PARTITION is the only chance the Palestine Arabs have of independence, and they will yet curse their leaders for making them fight against it.

That fight was worth while on only one assumption — that the Arabs could crush the Jews and dominate the country. Neither the British nor outside observers think they have any hope of doing this. Obviously, they can do a lot of damage. A Jewish-Arab war may mean heavy loss of life and property to both sides, a wastage of resources, and disputed control of some border-line areas. Victory is out of the Arabs' reach, for they cannot conquer the Jewish areas, and prevent a Jewish State from coming into being. Clearly the more level-headed Arab leaders already accept that fact, for it may be read between the lines of their recent utterances.

If the Arabs cannot get the whole loaf, they would have been well advised to take half. That was the classic advice given to both parties by the Peel Report, and the lapse of 12 years has not altered the situation. The Palestine Arabs, the Report pointed out, would achieve independence, would be on an equal footing with their Arab neighbours, and would be freed from the spectre of Jewish domination. That offer was renewed in 1947. At this point the Arabs missed the bus. Their ambitious spokesmen turned down the offer and called in the Arab states to help them fight. It is these kindly cousins who now look like swallowing up the independence which the United Nations plan would have assured. The alternative to half the loaf is likely to be no bread at all.

Behind all the patriotic "fantaseeya," the facts are plain enough. A Jewish Agency spokesman outlined them, on Tuesday and showed that whereas the Arab Higher Committee had started the "war of liberation," it was by now completely under foreign management.

The pristine peace of Mishmar Ha'emek

4 Arab villages taken

HAIFA, Saturday. — With the Hagana's occupation yesterday of four Arab villages in the vicinity of Mishmar Ha'emek, Arabs forces, consisting mainly of regular Iraqi troops, have been pushed back far enough to make impossible any further bombardment of the settlement.

After a British Army Colonel had tried in vain to negotiate a truce with the settlers of Mishmar Ha'emek on behalf of the Arabs on Thursday, the Arabs opened up again during the night.

At dawn on Friday morning, the Hagana launched its counter-attack from Mishmar Ha'emek, first on Abu Shusha village to the north, then on Na'aniya, to the south, Abu Sureiq to the north, and Ghabaiya just south of the settlement. The Arabs entrenched in these villages were thrown back, their positions overrun and considerable quantities of arms — including heavy equipment — were captured. At least 10 Iraqi troops were killed and many wounded. One Hagana soldier fell in the attack.

Abdul Kader killed

Abdul Kader Husseini, commanding the Arab bands in the Jerusalem area, was killed by the Hagana, in the sharp fighting on Mount Castel. Hassan Salameh, the only other Palestinian gang leader (Jaffa area), has thrown up his command and left for Egypt.

On the Syrian border, at Lehavoth Habashan, settlers drove off a unit of Syrian invaders from a strategic hill.

In Tiberias, the Haganah took punitive action after Arabs broke the three-weeks' truce, and in Haifa 17 Arab snipers were killed.

Strategic hill captured

SAFAD, Thursday. — A strategic hill mounted by Syrians near Lehavoth Habashan was recaptured by defenders of the settlement who forced the invaders to retreat today. They left 10 dead in the field.

The attack was launched at dawn and lasted until noon. A Haganah man was killed and another slightly wounded.

An Arab was fatally wounded when the taxi in which he was travelling on the Acre-Safad road was fired on from the direction of the Jewish Quarter of Safad last night, it was officially reported yesterday. He is Ribhi Kadouri.

I.Z.L.-Stern units attack Deir Yassin

The Arab village of Deir Yassin, three kilometres west of Jerusalem, was occupied by a joint unit of the dissident groups after dawn on Friday.

The I.Z.L. and Stern Group raiders attacked the village with mortars and automatic fire about 4.30. A short while later the firing stopped, and a loudspeaker warned the women and children in Arabic to evacuate. Many did so, taking shelter on the slopes of the hill.

The attackers then entered the village under heavy covering fire.

After three hours of fighting, the village was occupied. The Arab losses are reported to be high. Four of the raiders were killed and 32 were injured.

At one point two of the Jewish cars which had penetrated the Arab defences were trapped in a ditch about a metre and a half in depth. Sappers worked for an hour under intense fire to fill in the ditch and extricate the vehicles.

A quantity of arms was seized in the village.

After the battle, Red Shield ambulances were summoned and went to the scene under armed escort to bring the Jewish casualties back to hospitals in Jerusalem.

On Friday morning, groups of Arab men, women and children captured in the village, including the Mukhtar and his family, were paraded through some quarters of Jerusalem in open trucks, but the Hagana took them from their captors and turned them over to the British Army in a Security Zone.

The Arab dead are expected to be taken from the village today by the International Red Cross.

No Hagana men were in Deir Yassin yesterday.

Tel Aviv tattle

Frank Pollak

WHEN the audience at the Palestine Philharmonic Orchestra's "special" concert heard explosions on the border area while Frank Pollak was playing a pianissimo movement of a Mozart concerto with the orchestra nobody paid any attention, because that is an unavoidable interruption. But when, a few seconds later, a cat, hidden somewhere on the stage, began to mew loudly people pulled a face. The conductor, Jasha Horenstein, the soloist and the orchestra carried on manfully, but the audience became restless.

During the interval members of the orchestra tried to catch the cat. They chased the beast behind the stage as though it were the "phantom at the opera" but they were poor cat-catchers, and never actually caught sight of it.

For the next few days the cat kept quiet. But just when Julius Katchen began the famous Tschaikovsky concerto, there it was again, mewing plaintively. But this time nobody at all paid any attention. Some people even said it was nonsense for the animal to try, no cat could expect to win out against Tschaikovsky.

Spring Exhibition

THE Association of Palestine Artists and Sculptors is to open its Spring Show at Passover. The exhibition will be held in a new building just being finished in Rehov Alharizi, near Rehov Shlomo Hamelech, not far from the Zoo. A hundred paintings and sculptures will be shown.

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Whimsy in dead earnest

Komar and Melamid make debut here

Gil Goldfine

FOR REASONS chiefly linked to Israel's socio-political situation, conceptual art conceived here tends to focus on the psychological and scientific aspects of life.

By comparison, the brand of conceptualism created by VITALY KOMAR and ALEXANDER MELAMID, two recent arrivals from Russia, is a breath of fresh air. Despite the fact that their art was born and nurtured in the underground clubs of the Soviet dissident movement, it is flavoured with the essence of parody, irony and unabashed wit and is quite devoid of vindictiveness.

Komar and Melamid, both in their early 30s, have been working as a team for more than 10 years. After being expelled from the Union of Soviet Artists for "distortion of Soviet Reality and deviation from the principles of social realism" their work became even more experimental — by Russian standards — and was characterized by Pop images and slogans related to the mass propaganda of Soviet street art as well as obvious imitations of Lichtenstein and Warhol. Hence large red and white banners declaring "Glory to Labour," heroic family portraits in the official Leninst manner and growth charts of pig production all supported what they called SOTS, an acronym derived from "Social Realism" and "Soviet Realism." As Komar stated "In capitalist life, in America, you have an overproduction of things, of consumer goods. Here we have an overproduction of ideology. So your Pop Art puts a tomato-soup can in a painting...and our SOTS art puts our mass poster art into a frame for examination." Melamid then added, "Pop Art! Because slogans are our billboard life, like Coca Cola is yours."

In 1974, with the assistance of Melamid's cousin, Alex Goldfarb, a biochemist at the Weizmann Institute, the two Russians had the good furtune to be "discovered" by American critic Douglas Davis. After meeting them in Moscow, Davis indicated that their activities contained more of a conceptual feel than a Pop one and proceeded to explain the principles of conceptual art. Eventually their Pop pooped and they drifted towards their present conceptual stance. "We are not artists," declared Melamid, "We are conversationalists," expanded Komar.

Through the efforts of Goldfarb and an introduction by Davis, two Komar-Melamid exhibits were held at the Ronald Feldman Gallery in New York and lengthy articles in the major American art journals have added credence to their achievements and international recognition.

Among their critical works was "Music Writing: Passport," a piano composition played simultaneously in 20 cities around the world. The score was created by assigning a musical note to each letter of the Russian alphabet which allowed the pianist to "play" the restrictive laws printed in a Soviet internal passport.

"Biography" is a pictorial saga illustrating the birth, life and death of a young Russian depicted on tiny narrative frames and assembled vertically and horizontally in domino fashion. Unleashing an attack on the bankruptcy of traditional painterly styles, Komar and Melamid resorted to a large variety of forms to match the life experience, from a surrealistic birth scene to a quasi-medieval icon for the episode on death.

They symbolically exorcised their attachment to their birthplace in "Farewell to Russia" by axing to pieces a wooden shrine bearing iconic inscriptions while chanting an auto-poem. This piece might have led to the establishment of "TransState," a new nation they have conceived of replete with documents, currency, Declaration of Independence and Constitution.

Our own introduction to Komar and Melamid (currently at the White Gallery, 4 Habimah Square, Tel Aviv), is their ode to a defrauded world society that has totally embraced capitalist consumeritis while seeking simultaneous socialist utopia. "Superobjects — Supercomfort for Superpeople" is a catalogue of 356 coloured photographs (limited edition) portraying zany inventions for use by a "new aristocracy" that would set it apart from the plebian masses. "Efforts to correct the existing social situation are essential. They (Superobjects) will, we hope, lead to a new Renaissance of Mediterranean culture..."

As in all their pieces the written language accompanying the visual element is extremely important, not as a foot note but as an integral part of the communication process. In "Superobjects," "Olo" is a language ornament, a gold ring and pearl which the user wraps around his tongue: "your every word is gold, your every word a pearl." "Bikliotik," a small rear-view mirror attached to one's face "warns him of a follower" while "Charog-15," an open grill covering the head "guarantees purity of thought."

Also in the gallery is a broad black line painted on a blank wall, the only formal link in an ongoing performance that began in 1976 between the two Russians and Douglas Davis. "Questions New York Moscow New York Moscow," "is the first work of art detente" say Komar and Melamid, and the static line implies all the variants inherent in the political, cultural and social values that separate East and West. The activity of the artists seeks to ally the two within the framework of a dialogue.

On four dates, each holding special significance for American or Soviet society, photographic exchanges were made between Komar and Melamid and Davis. Each party was "shot" holding a sign that read "Where is the line between us" (Jan. 1), "Why is the line between us" (May 1), "What is the line between us" (July 4), and "What is beyond the line?" (Nov. 7). Now that both Komar and Melamid are in Israel the act will continue on Independence Day (May 11), and will be finalized in a personal appearance with Davis in New York later this year.

According to Komar and Melamid, their most significant work is near completion at their home in the Mevasseret Zion Absorption Centre. Dedicated to their *aliya*, (Melamid is here with his wife Katya and two children, Komar is a bachelor), it entails the construction of a five-metre-high aluminum-and-steel open-face pyramid, built to stand as a sacrificial temple in the Valley of Hinnom, once the site of the sacrifices to Moloch. And there on April 27 at 5:28 p.m. the pair, to be known for the occasion as Priest and Teacher, will descend from within the pyramid, read a supplementary text they have composed to the Book of Prophets, then sacrifice to the "Third" (a mystical kingdom) a locked and bound suitcase brought by Komar from Moscow in December. The artists prefer not to divulge its contents.

Komar and Melamid have active and searching minds. They trot along the human countryside nibbling for ideas to help them define what life might be all about. Often absurd and sometimes incomprehensible, their approach to art is spirited and whimsical, yet in deadly earnest. □

Vitaly Komar (right) and Alexandar Melamid

Komar and Melamid: A superobject for Superpeople (White Gallery, Tel Aviv).

J'lem

HUBERT MONTI, humanist-painter-carver, made his home here in the presents largely his work of the five years, though there are drawings made a decade ago. His familiar cyphers for the common man, cartoon-like figures made up of a continuous line, are set into geometric parables of the Kafkaesque, while the forms and subtle colours stem from the Bauhaus and Klee; but one fine little oil, "Family Villa," is almost orphist. Finish has much improved and it is difficult not to be charmed by his gentle chiding and equally gentle harmonies (Jerusalem Artists House). Till April 26.

MATI BASIS and YAEL RESHEF begin with photographs, Basis using them to make both serial and pattern etchings, the former playing with depth in views of trees, the latter using contact prints of cricketers. Reshef uses serial photos directly as collage on a shaped "canvas," but the subjects don't really relate to the shapes that are used. Neither artist offers much for serious thought (Sara Gilat Gallery, 4 Pinsker, J'lem). Till April 20.

FARDEH shows neatly rendered but over-sweet and under-organised oils of romanticised landscapes, in a beautiful new gallery run by her husband, Mr. S. Gulbaher. Part of the collection on show contains some charming drawings from the sixties by Raffi Lavie and some skilled watercolours by David Gerstein, as well as works by Ruth Levin, Hanna Megged and Sylvie Sani. This downtown street is again becoming a main gallery and antique shop area but parking is at a premium. Drivers are advised to use the lot at Beit Agron (Gallery Gimel, 17 Shlomzion, Jerusalem. Tel. 227686).

DAVID KREINER, Italian-born, self-taught and a self-styled naive symbolist, has obviously taken a long look at Graphis Magazine and the works of Folon, among others. Despite the intricate detail and painstaking technique of his coloured drawings and prints, the not result is either decorative or over-literal. Kreiner doesn't draw well enough to get away with being obvious (Armon Gallery, Jewish Quarter).

TALIA TOKATLY, a graduate of the Bezalel's Ceramics Department, shows seated nudes and abstract tent-like elements in unglazed black clay and some cast friezes in a sanded material, all very well handled. But more ideas are needed to turn a craft into an art (Jerusalem House of Quality, Abu Tor). □

MEIR RONNEN

Paper Bak

IN THE tradition of Western art, an artist who created works on paper was usually making preliminary sketches or introductory colour studies for more serious or "finished" endeavours.

But contemporary drawing and printmaking have emerged as media unto themselves, produced as finished pieces and valued as such by creator and collector.

It is in this light that one must review SHMUEL BAK'S current exhibit of drawings, watercolours, pastels and chalk drawings and oil and ink washes, all on paper of various colours and textures.

As with his major canvases, Bak does not alter the personal anxiety of his symbolic content, nor does he sacrifice the meticulous character of his technique.

Included in the show are works in which one can easily trace a transformation from the soft, yet energetic, brushing and airy composition of 1968, to the tight, confining, realism of his present style.

To enjoy a Bak Painting is to enter into a world of allegory and ambiguity, to search the subjective contradictions and puzzling textures in order to decipher the microcosmic secrets of a personal portrait. His long horizontal table or vertical cupboards packed with household memorabilia, are altered somewhat by design, texture and proportion, as are the outdoor-indoor architectural complexes, smoldering in the aftermath of an unspecified conflict. Leather and metallic fruit and wooden birds, or the marvellous gallery of mysterious men in their flying machines have been sidelined by Bak in favour of a new series glorifying the stone tablets of the Ten Commandments. With them he has departed from a world of cryptic reality and entered into one of pure imagination based on historical illustration and literary association. Representing "peoplehood," Judeo-Christian ethic or a plea to return to a balanced morality between man and God and man and fellow man, Bak plants his tablets, described as granite-like edifices, into threatening monochromatic landscapes. Or by contrast he describes their destruction by terrestial explosion.

Regrettably, these new pictures are obvious and overly stated, and uninspiring because they lack any aura of mysticism or concern for the viewer's poetic or intellectual integrity. Their only positive aspect lies in their draughtsmanship and free handling of paint, an ability that Bak has already proved time and again (Hadassa K Gallery, 33 Frug, Tel Aviv). □

GIL GOLDFINE

Shmuel Bak: The broken tablets, oil on paper (Hadassah K Gallery, Tel Aviv).

هكذا من الأصل